

What's Doing In Greenwich Village?

5c

the village Voice

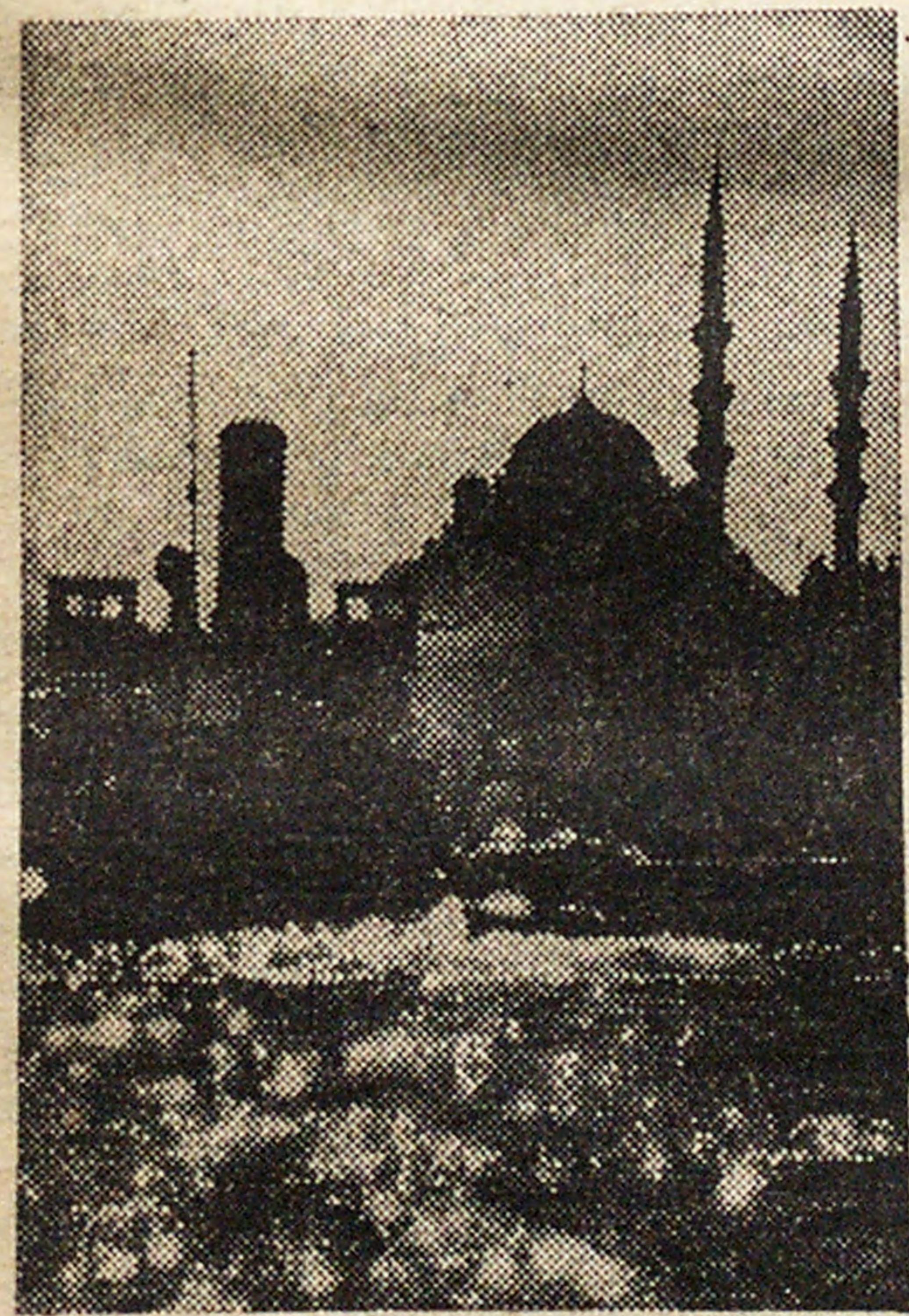
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DESIGNED TO BE READ

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Vol. 1, No. 18 • Greenwich Village, New York • February 22, 1956



RHINELANDER GARDENS, on West 11th Street, where demolition began this week in preparation for the construction of a new P.S. 41. Tenants of the century-old Gardens are due to vacate by February 29, and building of the new \$2-million school will begin immediately, with completion expected by September, 1957.



A Puzzle for Gourmets:

WHERE IS IT?

The little boat in the scene above is one of a fleet that daily ferries thousands of commuters between continents in a trip that takes less than 15 minutes. These inter-continental travelers work in one continent and live in another, and never have to leave city limits to do so.

classified

APARTMENTS UNFURNISHED

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(Classified continued page 16)

An Actor Prepares:

Backstage With Franchot Tone And Company at the 4th Street

by Alan Bodian

It was almost ten minutes to 8 in the dressing room at the Fourth Street Theatre. Franchot Tone had already been working on his beard and moustache for his role in "Uncle Vanya." There was no apparent star system. The

men in the cast share a long dressing table on one side of a narrow corridor at the rear of the basement lobby, and the women a corresponding room on the other side. Colored curtains, like the ones in a Gypsy fortune parlor, separate the dressing rooms from the passageway. Tone was working carefully at the end of the table, look-

relaxed, and from across the corridor you could hear the women of the play getting ready. From time to time Producer-Director David Ross, very curly haired, looking much like a younger brother of Kurt Kasznar, nervously popped in. This was Thursday, two nights after the opening, and the play was a resounding hit. Ross could not contain himself; he was bursting with good cheer, eager to communicate the verdicts of the second-night reviewers. The actors continued to make up, taking Ross' exuberance in stride.

"What brings you to Fourth
Continued on page 10



—Talbot

ing into a round magnifying mirror.

"Sit down, won't you?" he said, piecing the bits of his beard into a gauze-like base glued to his chin. The job was painstaking. Seated next to him, Gerald Hiken, who plays a character named Waffles, examined the simulated pock marks on his skin. The room was

Doll Will Reveal What Shy Maid Wouldst Conceal

An "anatomical doll" with which self-conscious maidens used to point out their bodily ailments to the doctor in Victorian days will be displayed at Greenwich House tomorrow through Saturday.

The doll, along with many other antique items, will be featured in the Greenwich Village Antique Show, to be officially opened at noon by Village actress Patricia Benoit, currently appearing on Broadway in "Time Limit."

During the show's second day visitors will include Nancy Walker and her fellow-stars in another current show, "Fallen Angels."

Furriers over half a century
Lewis & Lewis, 19 E. 9th St.—Adv.

There's No Place For Pedestrians In Cities' Future

Says Arthur Russell Lynes

The managing editor of Harper's Bazaar spoke in the Village last night on "The Forgotten Pedestrian." But, said Russell Lynes at Cooper Union, the pedestrian hadn't been forgotten by anyone except perhaps the city planners.

"How can anyone forget the pedestrian any more than forget his left hand?" Lynes said. "The pedestrian, illogical nuisance that he is, is the part-time biped of every one of us."

Many Questions About Village Asked at Show

by Oliver Johnson

The questions some people ask! Along with other members of The Village Voice staff I spent a couple of days manning the information desk at the International Food Show. And every single minute there'd be something new to answer.

Where's the free candy? How long does it take to cook octopus? Can you tell me some good Village restaurants? How do I find an apartment? And where's the man who eats ants?

That last one stumped me for a while until I remembered that this paper carried a story last week about P. Gordon Saville, the show's director, who once did eat live ants when he served as a magistrate in New Guinea. I told him about it and he laughed. "I don't think I'd like to try it again," he said. "And anyway, I

Continued on page 3

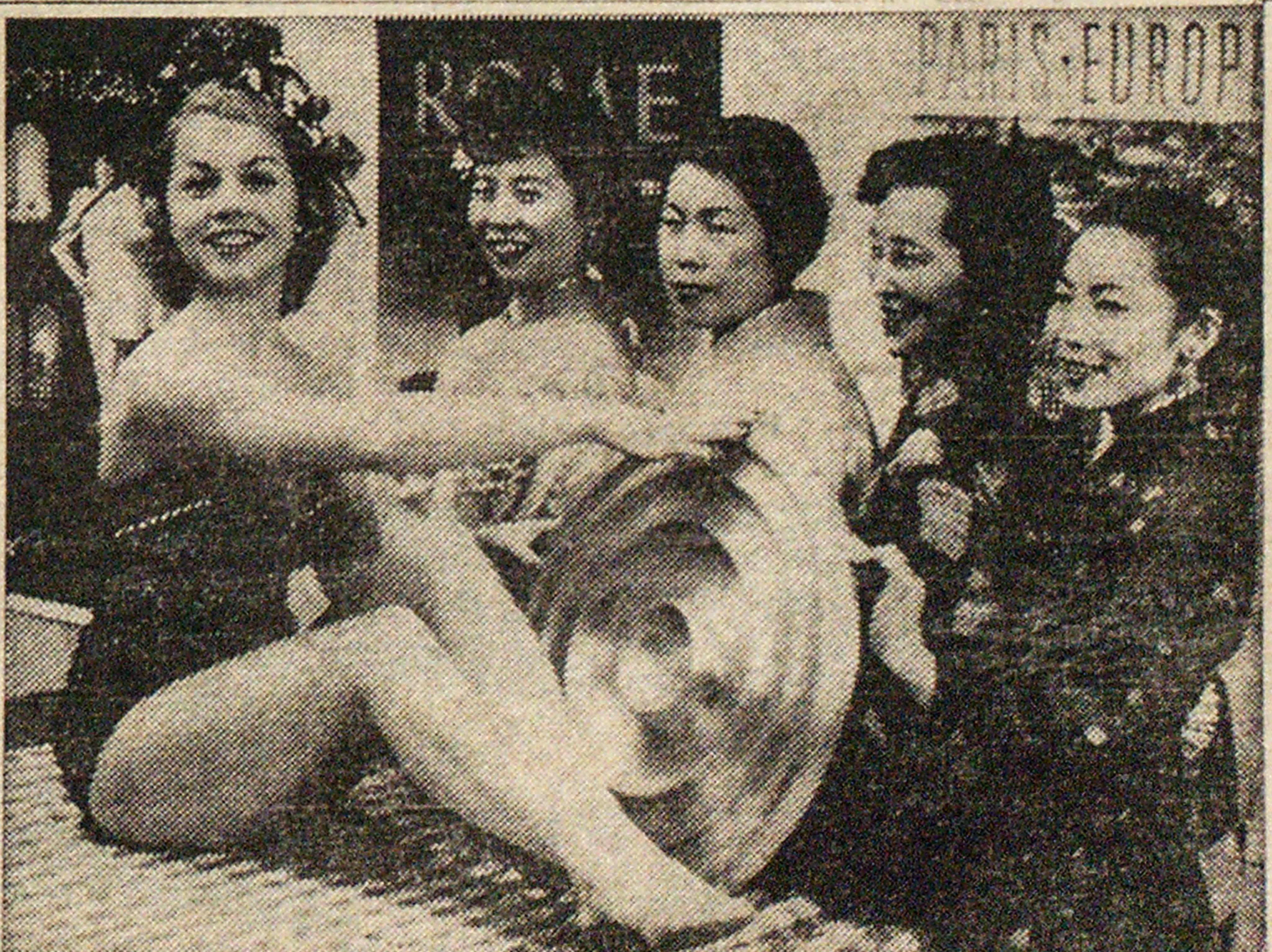


—George Platt Lynes

RUSSELL LYNES
And now today Third Avenue is being widened and turned into a boulevard for cars. The widening is going to take five feet off the sidewalks, leaving still less room for the pedestrian, Lynes pointed out.

"I suspect that in New York

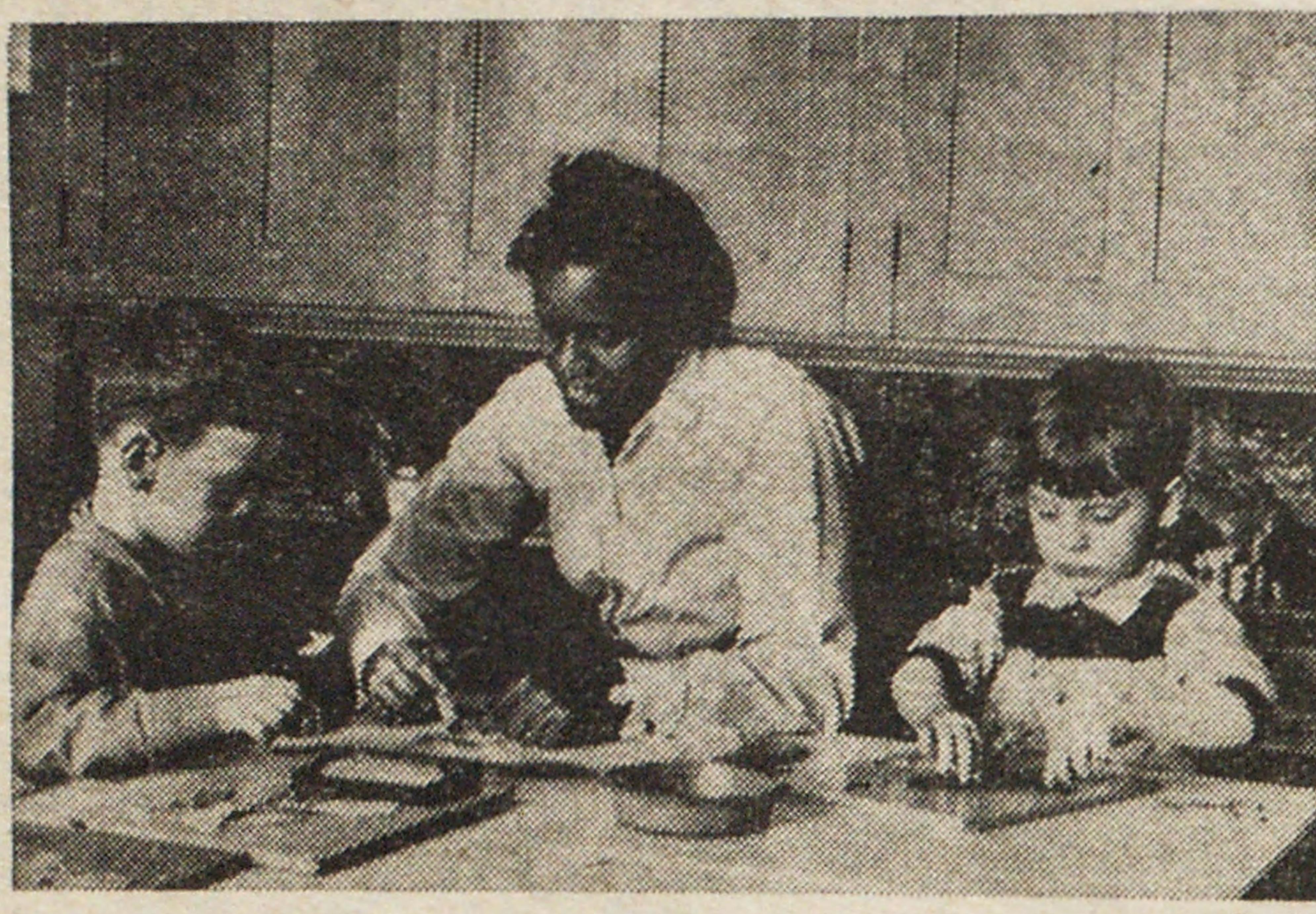
Continued on page 16



SITTING IN as "the cutest dish of the year" at the International Food Show Saturday was 19-year-old Mollie Ann Bourn. Shown here with her, l. to r., are Mrs. Taeko Hasegawa, Mrs. Toshiko Suhara, Mrs. Ann Yamada, and Miss Nana Momiyama, Japanese exhibitors at the show.

Furs for every budget
Lewis & Lewis, 19 E. 9th St.—Adv.

Furs make lasting gifts
Lewis & Lewis, 19 E. 9th St.—Adv.



BUDDING ARTISTS at Greenwich House are Raymond Vanzler (1.) and Gerald Arias. They are helped by teacher Fannie Ledbetter.

Voice Tours Nursery Schools

Eating and Playing Keeps Kids Busy While Mothers Are at Work

by Rita Bird

(Hundreds of Village children spend each weekday in temporary "homes" with other children while their mothers and fathers are both busy at work. The children are well-cared for.

Nursery schools catering to almost every income group operate locally and a Village Voice reporter toured some of them last week. What follows is her report.)

The Village is a child-conscious community. Even two-year-olds find opportunities to learn and play with others.

At Greenwich House, 27 Barrow Street, only children whose families are in the low-income bracket may enter. Fees work on a sliding scale based on the family budget. Parents are care-

fully interviewed by a Welfare Department social worker.

"The fees don't anywhere pay for the program," director Mrs. Malvina Gordon said. "The city subsidizes Greenwich House, and we raise the rest of the money ourselves."

A hundred children a day from three to eight years old take part in the program, with teachers picking up the older ones after school for activities until their parents return from work. Some of the youngsters come from broken homes.

"We don't consider this a custodial-care program, however," Mrs. Gordon pointed out. "We feel it is a real educational program."

Stop in any morning at Greenwich House and you will find all



RICHARD NIERA, aged 4, makes a cake at Greenwich House.

the classrooms humming from the 1st floor through the roof. The three's are busy in their doll corner, the four's with their building blocks, the five's with the tiny worms they raise to feed their newts, or building wagons in their carpentry shop. When the older children come back from school there is work to be done in Pottery, the music school, or in the kitchen making fudge and cookies. Outdoor play is available on the roof (where an occasional hat is lost over the fence), or on trips around New York.

"We seem to be eating all the

Building Boom Makes Play-areas More Vital Every Day, Forum Told

In some respects the nationwide building boom is proving to be a mixed blessing, an educational conference was told at NYU on Friday. "The loss of vacant areas due to this, and the increasing hazards of street play, mean that the provision of adequate playgrounds, parks, gymnasiums, and swimming pools becomes more important every day," said F. S. Mathewson, general superintendent of the Union County, N. J., Park Commission.

Mathewson, who called for the establishment of a federal office of recreation to assist the states in setting up their own programs, was one of many speakers addressing 400 educators and physicians at the tri-state conference.

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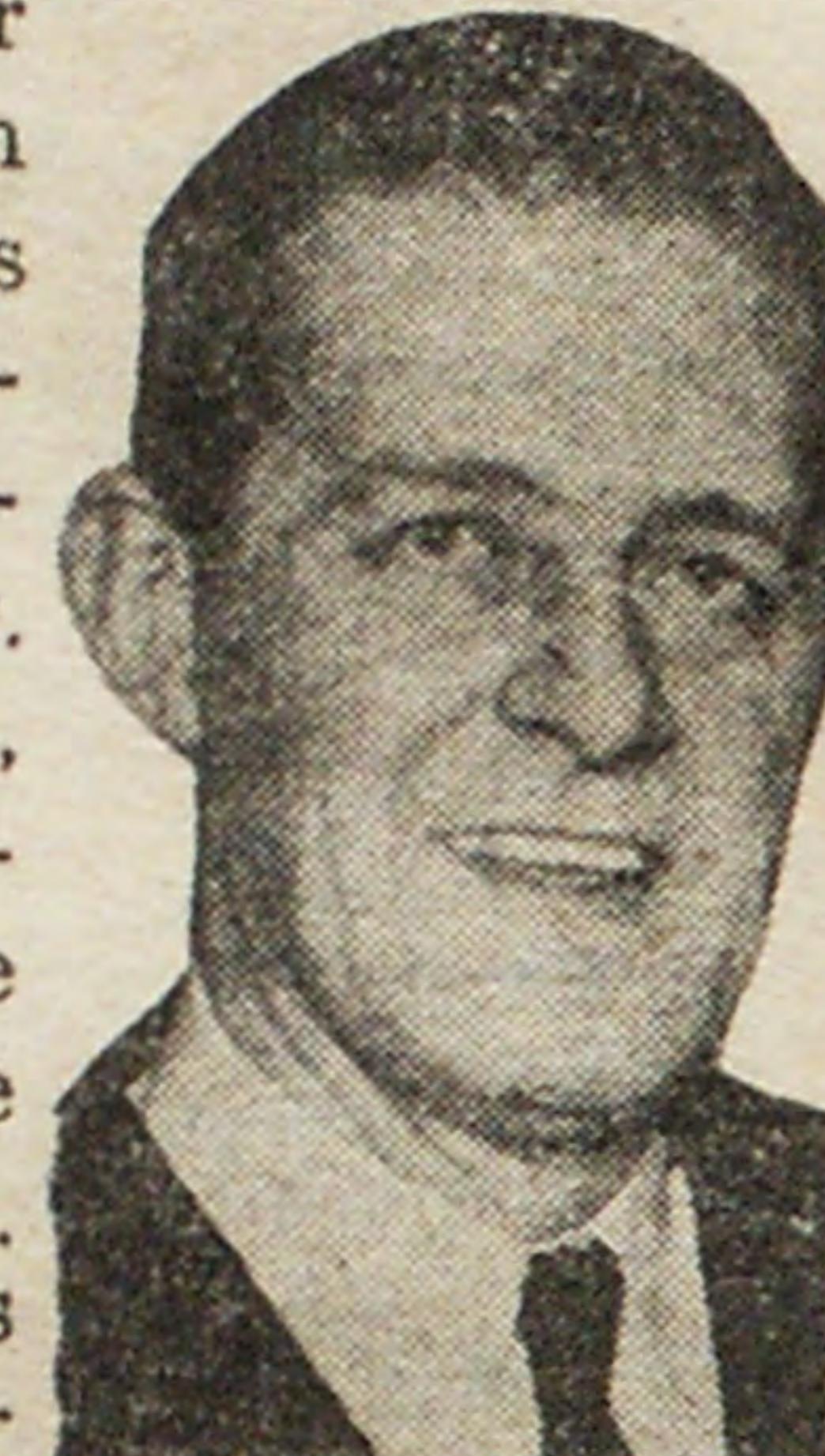
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Oldest Village Landmark

Brotherhood Award For Minister Who Shares His Church

A Presbyterian minister who shares his church with a rabbi will receive an award next week in recognition of "his concept of brotherhood."

The Reverend Jesse Stitt, Minister of the Village Presbyterian Church since 1939, will be given a scroll in a Wednesday-night rally at Greenwich House sponsored by the local chapter of the Jewish War Veterans and the Greenwich Village Association. Dr. Alan Feinstein, JWV commander, told The Voice: "The award to Dr. Stitt, who has constantly pushed for better inter-faith relations, will be the first in what we hope will become an annual affair."



DR. STITT

Among the speakers scheduled to appear at the rally are Borough President Hulan E. Jack, John Sullivan, head of the State Committee Against Discrimination's education division; and GVA president Philip T. Lombardo.

Pennsylvania-born Dr. Stitt first began to share his West 13th Street church in 1945, with the Village Temple as his "partners." Two years ago the church joined up with the Brotherhood Synagogue.

time," Mrs. Gordon laughed. "We have a mid-morning snack of cod-liver oil, crackers and juice, a full hot dinner at noon, a mid-afternoon pick-up of milk, sandwiches, and cookies, and in the late afternoon, some fruit."

The Child Care Center was started at Greenwich House during the war 15 years ago, under Mayor La Guardia's program to free mothers for war work.

"After the war we found the need still existed," Mrs. Gordon said. "Here in the Village many of our mothers are free-lance artists, actresses, and other creative people whose work calls them away. Their children are creative, too."

The Winfield Day Nursery tries to meet the needs of the lower-income white-collar group, director Mrs. Anna Hammond told me. The 61-year-old nursery school now occupies two complete buildings at 75 and 77 Horatio Street. Fees here are on a sliding scale, too, with support for the school coming from the Greater New York Fund, and what the board of managers can raise.

"We now concentrate on taking children from two and a half to four years old. At one time Winfield provided infant care and an after-school program, but we have changed to fit the needs of the neighborhood," explained Mrs. Hammond.

Children's Garden

With 33 children enrolled, Winfield has a long waiting-list. Four trained teachers and several student teachers guide the children through a variety of activities. A large double play yard, trips to see the firehouse, the policeman's horses, or the tug boats on the river keep the children's minds active.

With tuitions requiring a higher-income family, the Children's Garden at 11 West 11th Street provides a cozy, homely atmosphere for about 15 children from two- to four-years old each day.

Directed by Mrs. Florence Schulman, the school is about five years old and offers clay-working, painting, block-building, and a rhythms group. "The children love the doll corner, where they dramatize their own family lives," said Mrs. Schulman.

A balanced hot lunch, and afternoon and morning snacks, are served here as in the other schools.

"The children come from a high socio-economic group," Mrs. Schulman said. "Many of the parents are in the arts or professions. The parents take an active part in the school and often gather here in the evenings to hear lectures, see movies, or sometimes just for a party."

the village square

by John Wilcock

About 100 discriminating members of the Gourmet Society sat down Sunday to a selective meal of frogs' legs, snails, caviar and all that sort of thing at the International Food Show, (Wanamaker Building, Broadway and 8th Street). They're the boys who really know how to eat—or so I'd heard.

Wandering over there to take a peek as the meal began, I noticed that fully half of the diners were prefacing their food with a cigarette. Is there any surer way to deaden the palate to all sense of taste?

Sex On The Campus

By stretching the facts a little, Ted Joans could claim to have worked his way through college with sex. It was back in the late 40's at Bloomington College, Indiana, where Dr. Alfred Kinsey was busy preparing his first volume on Americans' sexual habits.

Ted, an amiable artist who plans to open a new Surrealist gallery at 108 St. Mark's Place next month, worked for Kinsey between his art studies. A three-day-a-week messenger boy, he got paid \$12 a week.

"Mostly I took books backwards and forwards from the library," Joans recalls. "Dictionaries and reference books—nothing very interesting. There were plenty of trips to and from the post office, too. The doctor got mail from all over the world and, for some inexplicable reason, all the true-confession publishers used to send him their magazines."



The once-bearded artist—he also plays trumpet—remembers Kinsey as an informal pipe-smoking guy who never wore a suit and whose pants were always baggy. "He'd come to our smokers and listen to the discussions on sex with great interest. Very definitely a Freudian—said that sex affected everything we did, especially the way we played our music."

With such a wealth of healthy young college-student material around him, you might think that Kinsey would start his questions at home. He didn't, though.

"He never asked us any direct questions, but he was very frank and I don't think it would have been possible to give him anything but an honest answer," Joans adds. "Very searching he was—like a cop."

A Better Offer

The owner of a 1955 Chrysler returned to his car parked along West 10th Street last week and found one of those notices from a car dealer offering him \$1900 as trade-in on a new Buick. "When I looked around," he told me, "I saw that almost every car on the street had been similarly tagged, all with different prices."

The reason he had called me, it transpired, was to say that he'd swapped all the tags over, affixing the highest-priced ones to small English cars and Volkswagens.

Fun and Games

Kisses will be offered for sale in a special booth at the carnival planned by NYU's House Plan Association. Price of a kiss, as yet undetermined, will go to charity. "The girls will probably take turns in the booth," says an association spokesman, but the price will remain standard" . . . man who designed the sets for several Broadway shows will help with the settings for the International Flower Show at Wanamakers next month . . . the N. Y. Spokesmen, basketball team of Federation for the Handicapped, were due to play a game in Brooklyn last night which could take them to the top of the league. All players (10) on each team play from wheelchairs . . . lots of people still use the abacus on which to count. Guy called Albert Rudolph, 28, at the Oriental Arts shop on Seventh Avenue South, sells big ones for people to make lamps of, smaller ones for pocket use, by children, Chinese laundrymen, and engineers.

That Certain Feeling

In certain states and parts of Canada the sale of colored margarine is illegal. But you can buy a plastic bag of white margarine, drop in the accompanying coloring, and squeeze and squeeze and squeeze until you have a sticky, yellow product. It's a strangely sensuous feeling, doing the mixing, and thinking about it prompted me to list a few other similar feelings that I've grown to like. When you've read mine, maybe you can think of a few of your own?

I like: using a new after-shave lotion, tearing cellophane, walking on dead leaves, breaking ice on pools in the street, cutting through beef liver with a sharp knife, sniffing boiling tar, and using a fountain pen to write on cards with a glossy surface (even the cover of the New Yorker will do, if you can find a blank space).

Gin on the Walls

Preparing for a new art show (which opened Sunday), members of the Village Liberal Club found their walls stained with marks that defied all conventional eradicators. Somebody suggested scrubbing the stains with gin. It worked.

Says Larry Maxwell, one of the club's officials: "I'm no judge of the art, but wait till you taste our walls."

Column too short? See personal column, page 16.

World Traveler Pleads for a United World

Miss Ann Guthrie, who makes her home on Washington Square between trips to the four corners of the world, called on churchgoers to adopt "a world viewpoint" at a special service Friday.

Members of eight Village churches attended the World Day of Prayer service at the First Presbyterian Church, for which the theme was "One Flock, One Shepherd." It was a daring theme, the speaker explained, because the world today was "divided politically, economically, and emotionally."

It is a goal for which we must strive, she added. "One has to see the world as a whole, it has shrunk so."

For many years an executive of the YWCA in this country and overseas, Miss Guthrie is representative for the International Alliance of Women at the United Nations, and a U.N. committee secretary.

Five-Point Program

Setting forth a five-point program for creating a unified world, Mrs. Guthrie said we needed:

- More knowledge of the world we live in;
- Understanding of why people act as they do, and what it means to be in the minority;
- Courage to stand for what we believe in, spiritually and intellectually;
- Patience and steadfastness to see the job through; and
- An increased capacity for love.

Law Training Is Good in Any Job, He'll Tell Youths

A lawyer who describes himself as "a reformed juvenile delinquent" will talk to teen-agers about the law at Greenwich House tonight.

Wally Papolizio, who became a lawyer after Greenwich House found him a job working for a lawyer, will urge the boys and girls to study law.

"Even if you never practice law, it teaches you to deal with a problem, come to a conclusion and a decision," the 38-year-old lawyer told The Voice. "Some aspect of the law is good to understand, no matter what profession you are in. And as a profession for a man who likes to deal with people and their problems, the law offers a satisfactory background."

Brought up in the Village in a large family, Papolizio, who now lives on Bleecker Street, attended Greenwich House. "I found that what the speakers there had to say often helped me a great deal, because I didn't have that type of guidance at home," he says. "I had to learn to defend myself in that neighborhood, and I have a few scars to prove it. But after I trained to be a prizefighter, I found that life wasn't for me."

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—Dauber
OFFICIAL INFORMATION BOOTH at the International Food Show is being staffed by The Village Voice. In addition to offering complete information about the show, booth personnel are answering questions about the Village and its eating places. All visitors are being given a copy of the Village Voice, the current issue of which contains a map and guide to interesting local restaurants.

Visitors to Food Show Ask Many Questions About Village

Continued from page 1

don't think I need to. There are so many free samples being given away that visitors are kept busy enough."

Not far away from our information desk (on the left, after you enter the Wanamaker Building) a homey looking Aunt Jemima is giving away pancakes for the Quaker Oats company. She makes a batch of about a dozen at a time and hands them to passers-by on paper plates. "I've done this at shows all over the country in the 12 years I've been working for the company," she told me. "Actually there are two or three Aunt Jemimas, but the company isn't supposed to know that. That's the reason I can't give you my real name.

Century-Old Aunt

"The original Aunt Jemima, whose picture is our trade mark, was doing my job almost 125 years ago. That's how old I feel after nine days of shows like this. I don't think the original Aunt was as gabby as I, though. I like to talk and I get asked a lot of

questions. One day a little boy asked me why his mother's pancakes tasted so much like cookies. I had to say that it was probably that they contained too much shortening."

As we were talking, a man in white apron and chef's hat came over, handed me a sizzling chicken leg, and said: "That's Delmarvalous chicken, son. I'm giving away 1000 pieces per day. Don't forget to get the name right."

Altogether, almost 20 countries are exhibiting at the show, with candy from England, Norway, and Belgium, beer from all over the world (in a downstairs beer garden), crab and mandarin oranges from Japan, and passion-fruit juice from Australia. (The woman on the passion-fruit stand reports that one of her customers pointed to his friend and said: "Don't let him have any—his wife's just had twins.")

In the show's basement there is a representative class of sophomores from the Food Trades High School, on West 13th Street. Thirty teen-age bakers are cooking up layer cakes, cheese cakes, and pies—"no bread because we're restricted by the equipment," says the school's catering-department chairman, Elias Kasman—and handing them out to admiring visitors.

"The kids just don't want to go home," Kasman told me. "Even the girls who are making canapés just stick around when I tell them they can go, and yet if for any reason I keep them after school doing the same thing, they act as though they're being killed."

The Food Trades school, in operation for 18 years, has 800 daytime students currently and 1800 students attending evening classes.

Annual Award

Official opening of the Food Show on Saturday was followed by the presentation of its first annual award—to industrial designer Russel Wright, who, in the words of the citation, "has fashioned innumerable objects of modern de-

sign that have all but revolutionized the average American home."

Original plan was to have the award presented by a girl previously designated as "the cutest dish of the year," but the girl in question wasn't around at opening time, so the show's organizers hurriedly "borrowed" a pretty blonde, 19-year-old Mollie Ann Bourn, from the Gold Seal ice-cream booth as stand-in. Miss Bourn was promptly booked for two television appearances during the week.

Other special events so far have included a two-hour dinner for members of the Gourmet Society on Sunday and demonstrations by various chefs of special dishes. TV star Susan Adams is acting as mistress of ceremonies at the daily demonstrations in the basement, and health expert Claire Maine appears on Wednesday.

Admission to the show is \$1 but visitors who bake an unusual pie (see page 14) are admitted free if they attach to it an entry form from this newspaper.

Teaching Is Job That Makes You Friends, Says Professor

A man who optimistically went into teaching to save money for a legal career retires from teaching soon—43 years later. Dean Ernest O. Melby will leave the New York University School of Education in August, when he becomes 65.

PEOPLE

A 28-country tour that took her from Japan, through the Near East, and back to America, was the subject of a talk at St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie last night by Cynthia McEvoy, 26-year-old daughter of the St. Mark's rector. She told The Voice: "I made the tour after two years teaching English in Japan, and the thing I remember most about it was the way that if you're a young girl traveling alone, most people you meet are very concerned about you. Nobody bothered me throughout the whole trip, but many people went out of their way to help me."

The better job a man has, the harder he finds it to retire—this in the opinion of NYU professor Alonzo Myers, whose third seminar showing executives how to live a life of leisure opens Thursday. Dr. Myers, head of the university's higher-education department, and

a Villager for 26 years, says: "If you have a good deal of prestige in your job, you feel that you have more to lose when you retire from it. My biggest task is making my 'class' see how important it is to keep actively interested in something when the main job is over." The seminar is usually limited to around 15 executives.

Thirty years after being born in Lafayette, Indiana, concert pianist Ida Hartman, of Perry Street, returns there this week-end to play with the Lafayette Symphony Orchestra on Sunday. During a three-week tour of the Midwest she will also give recitals in six other towns and cities.

The pianist's husband, Warren De Motte, author of the recently published "Long-Playing Record Guide," told The Voice: "She has given other concerts in her home town but has never before appeared with the symphony orchestra and has looked forward to such a recital for a long time."

The attitude of the League of Women Voters toward the proposed changes in the state and city court systems will be outlined for local members next Tuesday by Mrs. Sheldon Elliott, of Washington Square North.

Are you buying, selling, trading or looking? Voice classifieds make it easier. On the back page—every week of the year.

"Looking back on my career, I'm glad I never did get back to law school," he yesterday told The Voice. "I think I've made more friends in this job than anything else I could have done. A teacher gets into a very close relationship with students, parents, and no end of people."

"It may be that a politician meets more people, but he can't relate himself to them so well and his relationships are usually lukewarm compared to a teacher's."

Born on a farm near the tiny community of Lake Park, Minn., Dean Melby began as a science



DEAN MELBY

teacher, eventually became Chancellor of the University of Montana, and took over as an NYU administrator in 1945. He is nationally-known for his leadership in teacher-training and work in human relations and has addressed professional and civic groups in all parts of the U. S.

Commenting on changes in educational administration since he first began to teach, he said: "I think the most significant change is the tendency to give more and more attention to individual students in all phases of teaching."

On his retirement in August, the Dean will accept the post of "Distinguished Professor of Education" at Michigan State University. A full-time job, it will employ his talents mostly in an advisory capacity.

NYU professor Charles A. Siepmann, chairman of the New York Civil Liberties Union, presides over the union's annual Washington Birthday dinner at the Hotel Roosevelt tomorrow.

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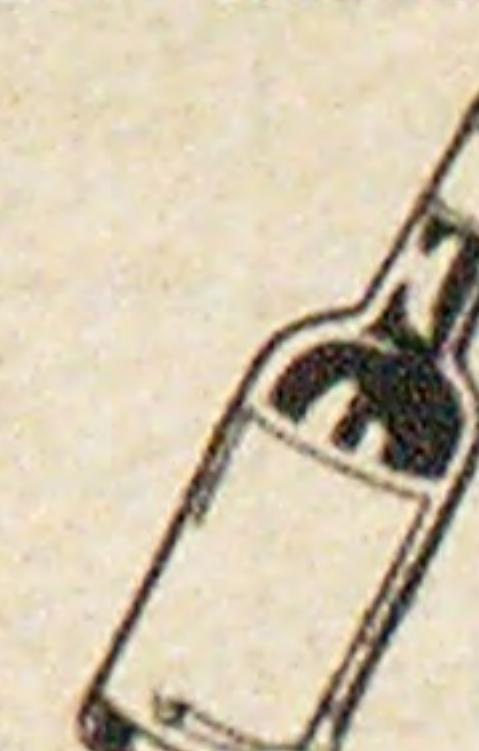
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and I watch Rose
counting apples
she believes in.
She smiles the whole crop in
and the one she throws me
as the best I believe
even if it will not chew
because I too am smiled in,
just like you,
old battered skin.

—David Ignatow

HYPNOTIST

His hair framed
beneath the clock
a red-haired beast
hypnotic in the room
glazes our eyes
draws us close
with delicious snarls
and flickers of his claws
We stir our teacups
and our wishes feast
on his cruelty

Throw the Christian chairs
to him
a wild child in us cries
Or let us be Daniel bared
to that seething maze his
mane
Loops of his fur
graze the sill
where the clock's face
looks scared

Comfort-ensnared
and languorous
our unused daring roused
resembles him
fettered on the hearth's stage
behind the iron dogs
He's the red locks
of the sun
brought home to a cage

Hunched before
his flaring shape
we stir our teacups
We wish he would escape
and loosen in ourselves
the terrible
But only his reflection
pounces on the parquet
and the stair

—May Swenson

THE WELL-TO-DO

Did I ever think, going to
bed,
a woman beside me would be
no more uplifting
than a five dollar raise?
Since then I've been uplifted
in bed
a hundred times and but
once raised in pay,
and that once has not been
forgotten.

—David Ignatow

5c

letters to the editor

Sir Dear

—Greenwich Avenue
Kenneth J. Schmidt
almost forgot. "Happy New Year!"
Oh yes, I
are on fire."
evident truth. To wit: "Your pants
print will spell out a great self-
ink stamped beneath the surface
put a match to it. The invisible
place the paper in your lap and
no avail (and I'm sure it will)
to a mirror. Should this prove to
utes it is still a mystery, hold it
studying this letter for a few min-

If after

might use.
gem of wisdom that someone
tingly in hopes I had uttered some
proverb. I merely stated it unwit-
old, nor is it Chinese or even a
fess that this saying is not very
be completely candid I must con-
fore we are all he who ain't." To

says: "He who exists, don't, there-
very old Chinese proverb which

There is a

readers).
awhile at least, demand slow
to adapt this style. It would, for
nists in this country might do well
way. (Incidentally, some colum-
in China are written precisely this
books and newspapers published
trary to popular belief, English
authority on this subject. Con-
in the Orient I consider myself an
sixty-nine of my thirty-two years

Having lived

A Dangerous Attitude

Dear Sir:

I must convey my furious in-
dignation at the temerity of your
frivolous editors who hacked off
16 lines of the "Valentine" in your
issue of February 8 without con-
sulting me. Since there was two
weeks in which to do so (although
even if there had been no time,
it would scarcely alter the nature
of the atrocity) I must conclude
that there was adequate reason
to expect my refusal to volun-
tarily mutilate my work.

By omitting the lyrical section
of the poem, it was left gasping
on a note of bawdiness, which is
not the tone of the total poem
at all.

I do not write verse as a hobby;
I am not the least bit casual about
it, and I do not believe that an
editor has any right in the do-
main of art, no matter how slight
and occasional a work may be.
He has the right of suggestion or
of rejection, nothing more.

There is no way you can make
amends for putting something I



felt deeply through a mangle, but
you do owe apologies to my read-
ers who have come to expect a
more integrated performance from
me, and certainly you owe an
explanation to the readers of The
Village Voice for exposing them
to a dangerous attitude toward
art.

—Dachine Rainer
Bearsville, New York

No Black, No White

Dear Sir:

To Norman Mailer:

There is no black, there is no

white,

There is no land, no sea,

There is no day, there is no night,

There are no slaves, no free,

There is no you or me,

There is no wrong, there is no

right,

There is no truth, you see.

—J. N. B.
Madison Avenue

[That's right. As a friend of
mine, Jean Malaguais, once said:
"There are no answers—there are
only questions."—N.M.]

A Nomination

Dear Sir:

What I say is this: NORMAN
MAILER FOR PRESIDENT OF
U. S. IN '56! Now, let's get the
vote out and make it a write-in
sweep for Norm.

WELL BALL UP A STORM
WITH SWINGIN' NORM!

—(Interesting name withheld on
request)
Washington (it's a booshwa
town!) D. C.

[A little premature, but I've had
the same idea myself.—N.M.]

[P. S. I have a bona-fide candi-
date for '56 whom I intend to
unveil in a column or two.]

Help Wanted

Dear Sir:

The evening gym program for
both teen-age boys and girls at
Greenwich House urgently needs
volunteer men and women to
assist the staff leaders. This
could be a good opportunity to
Continued on page 5

the lively arts

by Gilbert Seldes

SOME notes indicating that I am not yet prepared to do a major job on the art of advertising:

The best ad in recent months is Catalina's girl just stepping into a sylvan pool. Commodity: her bathing suit. The circle adds the faint touch of suggesting that someone with an eye for such things is using a telescope.

Most popular ad: the Piel beer animations made by UPA for television—and a blessing they are.

Most irritating ad series: a drink (maybe vodka, but that's one of the troubles with the series, you can't recall) showing in each instance two well-known people in silly circumstances (evening clothes, duelling in the Sahara, or some such combination).

Most threatening ad: Macy's page after page admonition to buy a second TV set.

One up, several down . . .

ONE-UP for the American system as indicated by experience in Britain: A writer in the New Statesman and Nation (Tom Driberg, a Labor MP at one time) firmly suggests that direct sponsorship by advertisers, as we practice it, is better than their system of producing programs independently and allowing the sponsor to air only his message. Actually Driberg asks: "Could sponsorship be worse?" and notes that "in America some big firms, such as Ford, sponsor programs of high quality, purely for prestige." He knows that "for every prestige program . . . there are hundreds of others of unspeakable banality." I gather that by the present system, commercial television in Britain doesn't even supply the one.

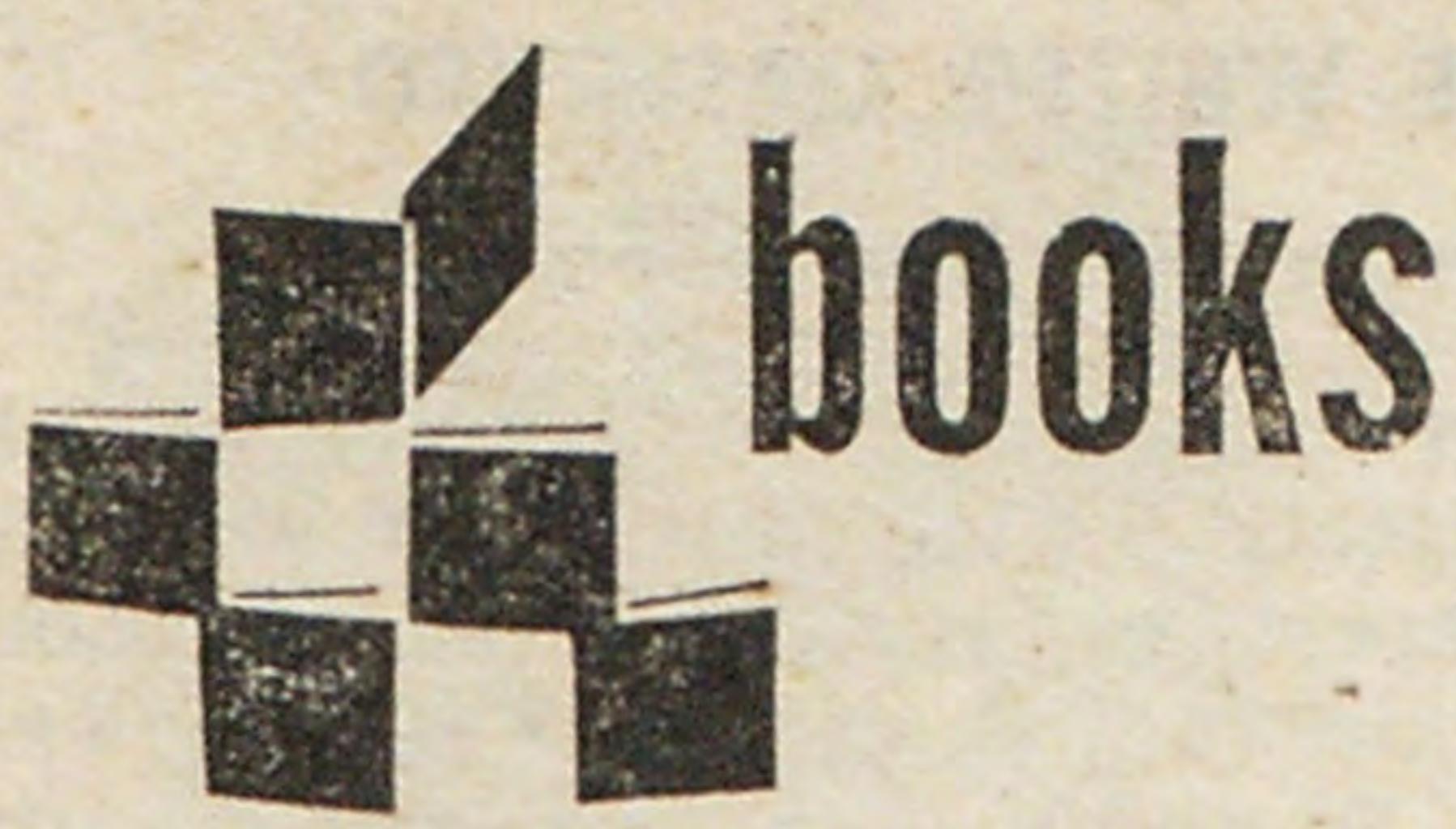
. . . for the . . .

I HAVE yet to see a household gadget or machine advertised as if it could be used in the kitchen or living room. They are all, washing machines and refrigerators and the like, presented as in showrooms. Nothing ever matches the orderliness with which cans and bottles are arrayed when that magic door opens. When the washing's to be done, no sign that anyone ever used the soiled towels is apparent: the machine stands separated—isolated is the word—from the workaday world. There's never an unclean plate near the dishwasher. No one lives with these machines except the young woman (just back from driving the station wagon in her prettiest frock) whose pearly tones are echoed by the male voice of the announcer with "Yes . . ." and her message over again, as if no one would believe a woman without corroboration.

. . . American system

NOTICE also that singing commercials have their message reinforced in prose and most animations also. The customer must be beguiled, but he's got to be persuaded afterward. What's beguiling about three ballet dancers leaping—in a long shot which gives the refrigerator priority in the picture—I don't know. What's beguiling about a lot of juggling lines (like those of a seismograph) which are triply identified as "brain waves"—to introduce a new deep freeze?

A friend of mine in the business predicts that the personality program, mostly daytime, won't stand the pace for much longer. He thinks drama will take its place—all day long. Passed to you without comment.



A FOREST OF TIGERS

By Robert Shaplen. Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.95.

by Arthur Oesterreicher

This is an out-and-out political novel. Its author, now a Villager, has one purpose: to analyze the Western predicament in Indo-China which led to the Dien-bienphu defeat and the resulting fiasco at the 1954 Geneva Conference.

Few serious American authors will try their hand at this type of



work. The straight political work of fiction, dealing with pressing international issues, has fallen by forfeit into the hands of the propagandists, the cent-and-a-half-word hacks, or, at best, the psychologists who are interested in such things as "the dilemma of power" rather than the stuff of conflict.

Mr. Shaplen is none of these. He grinds no axe and he is not out to please. Nor does he make much of an attempt to construct complex and believable characters. He is an honest and puzzled observer of the Far Eastern scene, a veteran journalist (for the Tribune, Newsweek, NBC) who has summed up what he knows, and what he thinks he knows, in an honest and potentially important novel.

Set in Saigon

His story is set in Saigon in the mid-50's. The characters are a judiciously selected lot: American government officials, some sincere, some opportunists; idealists, pencil-pushers, drunks, and just plain frightened men. Others include a sleazy, cynical French administrator; a Chinese gambling tycoon; a Corsican hotel-keeper; a beautiful Eurasian girl in whose mind sex and politics become pretty confusingly intertwined; an idealistic, anti-Communist Vietnamese doctor; and a couple of Vietminh officials who don't get along with each other. These characters are strung out along a diffuse but somewhat effective story line with a spectrum ranging from sex (in sparing, chaste doses) to social reform in the rice paddies.

An insistent question runs through the book: What should American policy be vis-a-vis the Vietnamese nationalists who hate the French and fear the popular, disciplined Vietminh? Should America place more stress on loyalty to Paris, right or wrong, or should she sympathize and aid what is best in the nationalist movement? Mr. Shaplen does a convincing job of outlining the difficulties involved.

Makes No Bones

He makes no bones about his anti-French sentiment. He feels Washington was effectively duped by the French. His descriptions

of the U. S. diplomatic corps in Saigon are terrifying in their implications—policy administrators with the political savvy of a high-school current-events class, career consuls with nothing more pressing on their minds than getting rid of unwanted competition, cynical ECA technicians afraid to rock the boat—all of them more worried about the big men in Washington than the big men in Moscow. Intentionally or otherwise, Mr. Shaplen has drawn up a sharp indictment of the men who carried out our foreign policy in Indo-China before the roof fell in, less than two years ago. The only positive note in the book is struck by the Vietnamese doctor, who wants U. S. teams to do more grass-roots work in the villages to counteract the effectiveness of Vietminh propaganda. Despite the sympathy of Adam Patch, the sincere consul who seems to be Mr. Shaplen's hero, the idea gets nowhere.

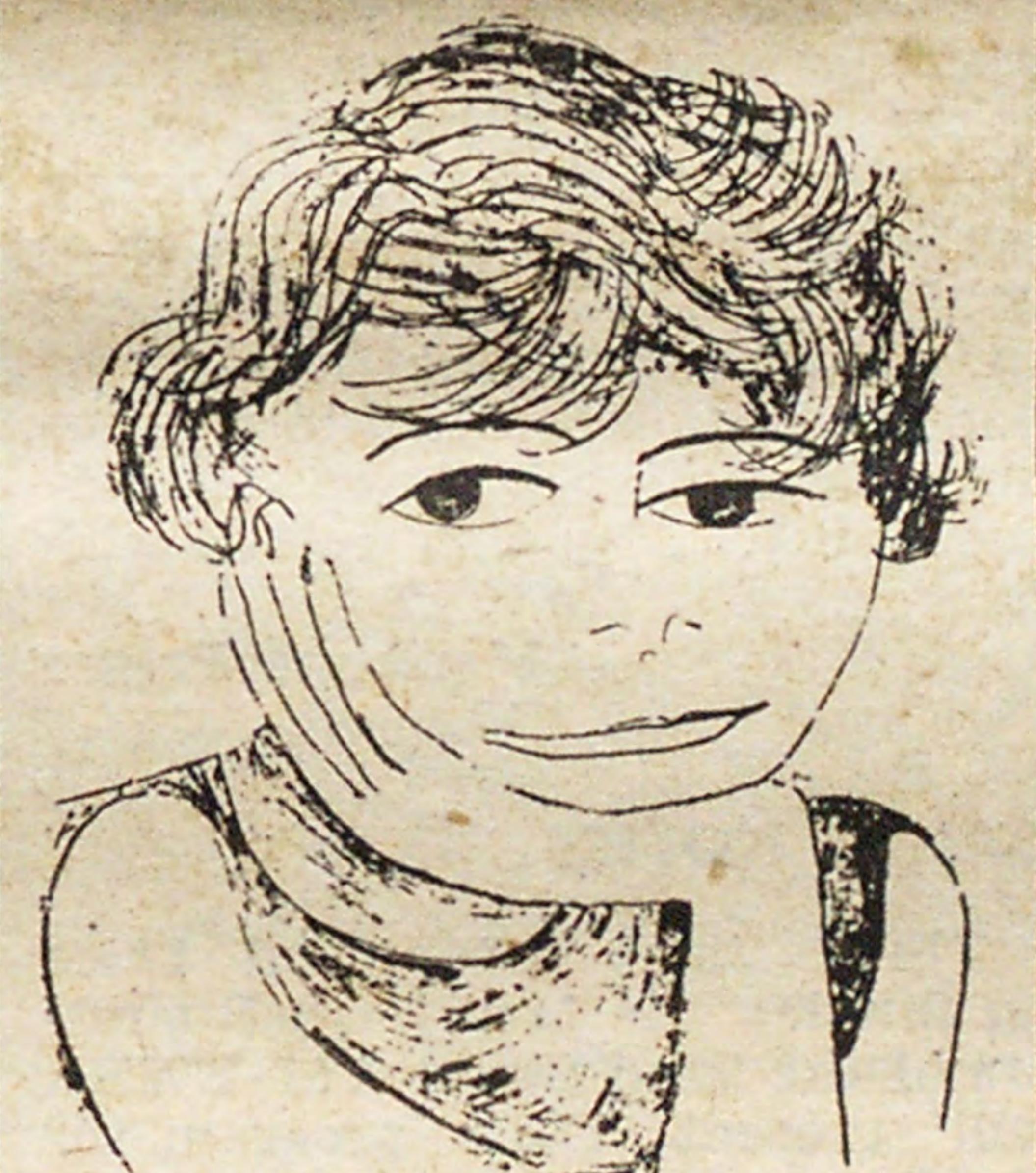
In a Tradition

Stylistically, the book is seriously flawed by a straining after metaphors and by the hokey, portentous, Confucius-say tone of much of Mr. Shaplen's dialogue involving Orientals. But he has tried hard to come to grips with a live political question and has succeeded in dramatizing effectively the issues involved. Robert Shaplen is no Malraux, no Koestler, no Orwell—but he is consciously writing in their tradition. For an American writer, that in itself is achievement enough.

AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS

By Rumer Godden. Viking Press, \$3.50.

Although this novel is a heart-tugger, in the manner in which only children, starving and spiritually oppressed within sight of opulence and freedom, can inspire the author, by the most breathtaking restraint, succeeds in balancing the tightrope between sentiment and sentimentality without falling off—that is, not until the very end. As readers of Miss Godden's books know, her touch is light and perceptive, exceedingly feminine, and flawlessly so; in



—Henry Markowitz

"An Episode of Sparrows" the femininity exudes an upper-class scent—and one comes away, although one has been party to the activities of grimy, ragged gamines in London's bombed Catford Street, somehow bedewed by Yardley.

Miss Godden has a series of interlocking heroes and heroines: a girl, determined to make a garden amidst the rubble, an aristocratic spinster who becomes aware toward the end of her life of the magnitude and passion of the little girl's desire; a young ruffian who first destroys and then assists the girl in her hopeless venture; a man who takes in roomers—the little girl—and attempts to run a gourmet restaurant in the Catford slum (his desire runs parallel to the girl's); and both are meant to indicate that the desperately poor have irrepressible desires for beauty. That is a perhaps obvious but nevertheless admirable sentiment.

A Benign Priest

A benign priest lurks in the background, and partially through his intervention the ailing lady saves the souls of these possessed characters, and by leaving them well-situated in her will removes them to a more prepossessing neighborhood, where the man may have his restaurant, the girl her garden.

Perhaps Miss Godden is naive,

Dostoevski Memorial

An exhibition commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the death of Feodor Mikhailovich Dostoevski is now on view at the main branch of the New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. The exhibit includes many first editions of his works, copies of some of his letters, and photographs of some of the people and places that were important in his life.

or I, cynical. At any rate, I was willing to go along with her—although not without mounting qualms—up to the reading of the will. But as someone who has read Kipling's "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep," and wept with pity and fury over adult duplicity and insensitivity to children, or, more recently, D'Arcy Niland's "The Shiralee," and observed that a lack of solution may ensue despite the most sober sympathy of adult for child, and simply as someone who has for a number of decades now herself wished desperately for a rich old lady, my credulity is as much taxed by such solutions in literature as the laws of probability defy them in life.

THE WRITER OBSERVED

By Harvey Breit. *World*, \$3.75.

by Mary Ellen Hecht

Every Sunday those of us who like to keep abreast of events in the world of books and publishing may turn to Mr. Breit's column, *In and Out of Books*, in the *New York Times Book Review*. The column is devoted to articles on current literary figures and phenomena, including as a rule at least one interview with a well-known author. "The Writer Observed" is a selection of interviews or "talks" (Mr. Breit calls them) which have appeared over a period of seven years—roughly since the end of World War II.

Mr. Breit is guided in his choice of subject by three considerations: "that the writer 1) be good; 2) be in the news, though not necessarily a writer by profession; or 3) have extraordinary popular appeal." In the first category we find "talks" with T. S. Eliot, Dylan Thomas, Joyce Cary, e. e. cummings, etc.; in the second, almost none; and in the third, Frank Yerby, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and the like.

Human Interest

The author treats his subjects with warmth, a quiet sense of humor, and above all, "human interest." His articles have a person-to-person quality and coloration.

(Continued on Page 6)

SPIRITUALS AT PRESBYTERIAN

Negro spirituals will be sung by a hundred voices Sunday night at the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue and 12th Street. The choirs of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem will join with Presbyterian's own choir at 8 p. m.

Several of the spirituals, such as "Deep River" and "Lord I Want to Be More Lovin,'" were written by the late Harry Burleigh, famous Negro baritone, who sang for years at near-by St. George's Episcopal Church.

"Mr. Burleigh sang at our church many times," Willard I. Nevins, First Presbyterian choir-director says. "We always looked forward to it."

AUDEN AT THE 'Y'

A poetry reading by W. H. Auden, the eminent poet who lives on St. Marks Place, is scheduled for 8:30 tomorrow evening in the auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 4

get in better shape for summer sports. Volunteers are welcome any weekday evening at Greenwich House to help with our lively program.

—Ruth Thompson
Publicity Director,
Greenwich House,
27 Barrow Street

QUICKLY

a column for slow readers

by NORMAN MAILER

This week, no essay. It's about time to have a column of small entries.

Following the advice of Sergius O'Shaugnessy I am going to write a few appreciations. I find this very painful to do, but one has to be a bit of a brown-nose to become a figure in American life. And of course my cursed ambition keeps me from being as pure as I would like to be.

So I will say that as a confirmed television viewer, I have a kind of grudging affection for Steve Allen and for George Gobel. Gobel, at his best, is dialectical in his humor—the character he has created responds to every beat of dialogue in a different way. His humor depends on being neither predictable nor unpredictable, but instead thrives on a series of subtle departures from what is the anticipated response. In successive moments Gobel will be first forceful, then weak, then wily, then silly, then grim, then gay, then pugilistic, then poodle—and so it goes in a rippling play of the tragicomic. At his worst, on those nights when he is comparatively lifeless, he has the integrity (unconscious no doubt) to exude distaste for the whole idea of being where he is.

Allen, who strikes me as being one of the coolest around, performs the considerable feat of riding extempore through an hour and forty-five minutes of off-beat varieties five nights a week. A friend of ours who saw him perform for the first time on a night when he was in top form, commented: "Why that man makes a thousand connections a minute." Tiptoeing a narrow line between audacity and conventional public entertainment, he is a teacher, a clown, and a mild sadist by turns. What makes his program fertile over a period of time is that one gets to know the abilities and weaknesses of the members of his company, and they grow a little or wear down a little under the intense psychological demands of reacting spontaneously to the shifting and sometimes cruel demands of the show. The quality of his talent is that unlike most television performers he can appeal to a very wide spectrum of people. His defect is that his obvious ambition makes him over-extend his energies, and he is sometimes in danger of becoming colorless.

While we're on this, I wish Ernie Kovacs was back again on a late-night show.

ODD THOUGHTS:

When a woman uses the word "messy" in speaking of the latest developments in her love-life, these developments almost always have connotations of the orgy somewhere over the horizon. A triangle, a quadrangle, conceivably a pentagon.

People who stare into each other's eyes are measuring the extent of each other's anxiety or guilt. It is obvious that the one who looks away first is the most anxious at that moment.

A great deal of our memory of a person is in the memory of their name. Notice how much more clearly one remembers a casual friend of years ago, the moment his or her name comes back to mind. This is particularly true of half-forgotten Army buddies.

Some time I'm going to write a column when I'm drunk, and confess it as such to my readers. (Since most columnists write that way all the time, my action should prove offensive only to those with the highest sense of decorum. As, for example, Jerry Tallmer, on this paper.)

It amuses me how many people use the word "ball" (as in "It was a ball") who would be deeply shocked if they knew what it meant.

Any protracted good-bye at a party is of course always alive with sexual implications. (Most people know this instinctively, but I, who learn very slowly, discovered it all by myself.)

For a generalization about human nature to have value, it need not even be "true" 51 per cent of the time. There are certain generalizations which are "true" 5 per cent of the time, and yet they are very valuable because they separate a relationship between people and things which would be true if all other things were equal. In the light of this remark, I offer the following generalization: Young adolescents kiss poorly, if intensely, because the only kisses they have known until then were the careful inhibited kisses given them by their parents and family.

HARD THOUGHTS:

It is generally agreed that the mental world of the unconscious is timeless. Therefore "time" is related to consciousness, and the ego is the final authority of consciousness. But the ego is also the estimator of the relative pro-

Continued on page 16

venture
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COOPER UNION CONCERT

Five contemporary American works for trombone and other instruments will be given their first public performance this Friday at 8:30 p. m. in the Great Hall at Cooper Union. Performers will include Davis Shuman, trombone; Arkadie Kouguell, piano; Leon Frengut, viola; and Nellis De Lay, cello.

Among the composers to be represented are Carl Bowman, Florence Anderson, Alan Hovhaness, Arkadie Kouguell, and Frank Martin. Co-sponsoring the concert are Cooper Union and the Music Performance Trust Fund of Local 802, American Federation of Musicians.

GULLINO GIVES RECITAL

A violinist who gave his first recital at the age of 8 will perform for the benefit of the scholarship fund at the Greenwich House Music School, this Monday at 8:30 p. m.

Frank Gullino, born on Christopher Street, is a former student of Enrique Caroselli at Greenwich House. At 17 he became concert master of the New York Civic Symphony. For seven years a member of the Metropolitan Opera orchestra, he is now with the New York Philharmonic Symphony.

Esther Ostroff will accompany him at the piano.

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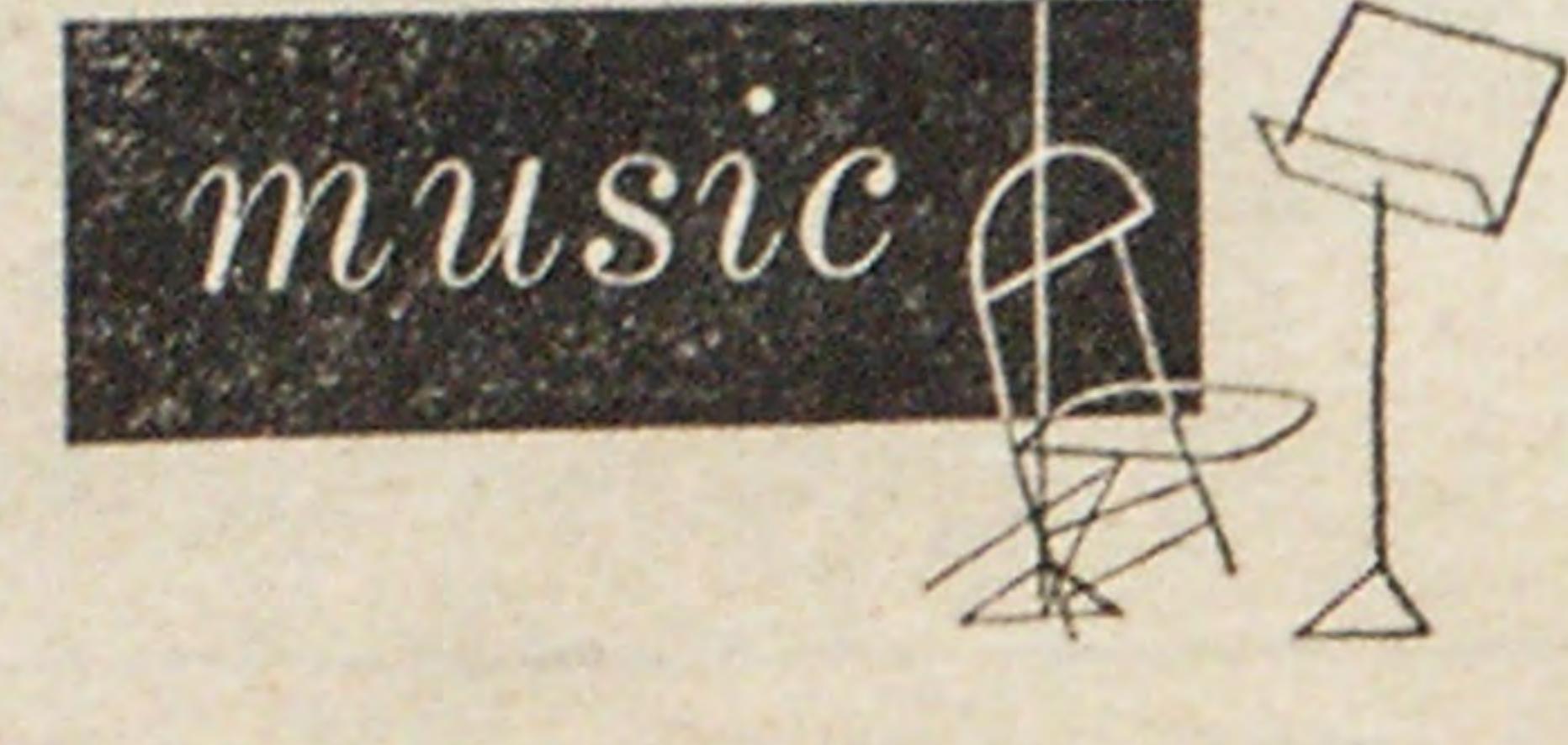
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SEASON'S END

by Hibbard James

Last week there were final concerts in two excellent series of programs, both of which proved a fitting close to a distinguished pair of schedules, as well as promising bigger and better things for next season. On Tuesday it was the American Opera Society in a sparkling performance of Offenbach's lilting "La Perichole" at Town Hall. The plot is completely implausible, even for an opera,

Quarterly magazine Venture holds its first public dance Saturday at the 12 Social Club, 820 Broadway. Entertainment and door prizes.

but the evening came to delightful life in the hands of two flawless stylists, Jennie Tourel and Martial Singer.

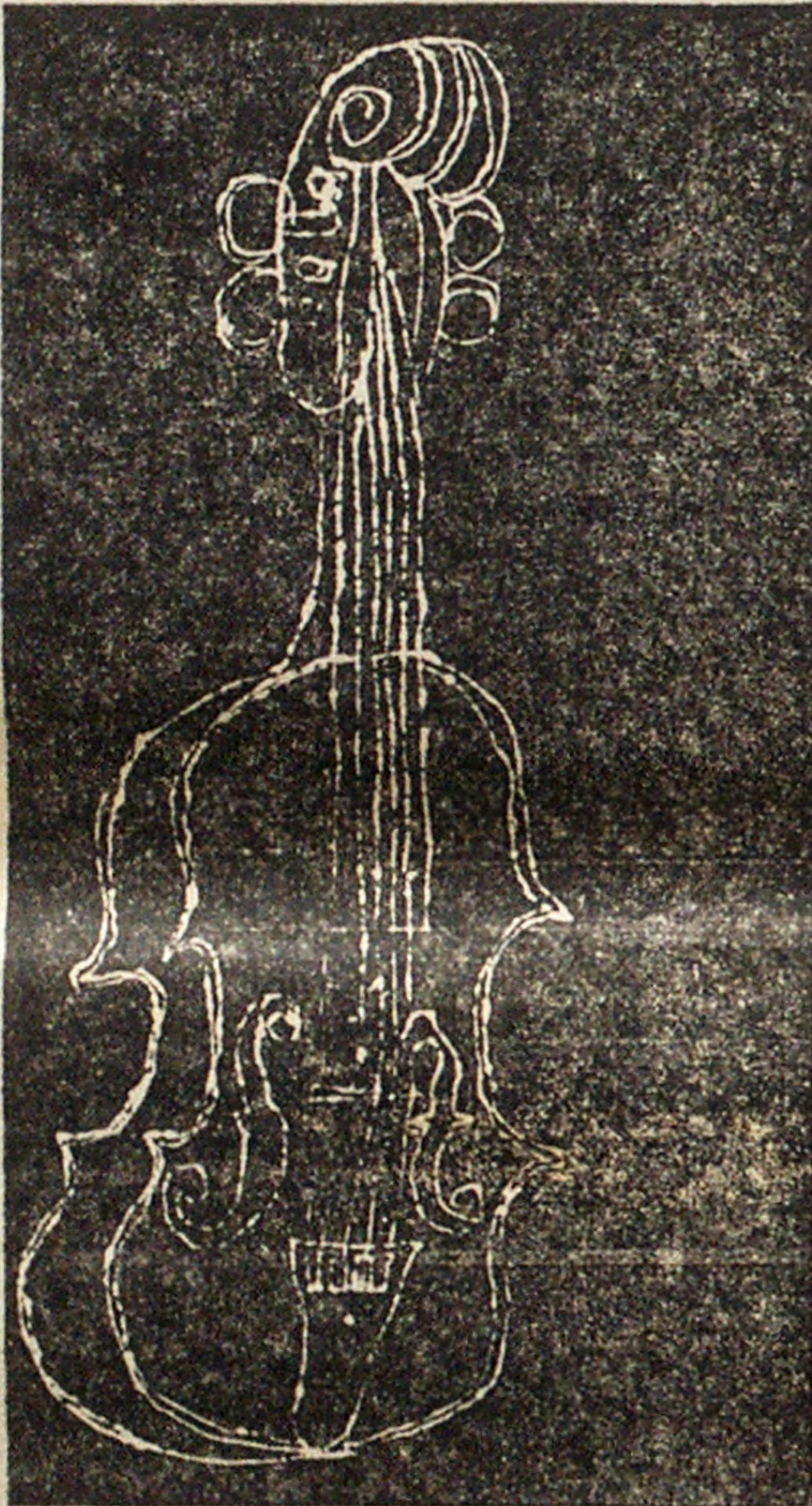
The American Opera Society is becoming increasingly popular, and deservedly so. I advise you to sign up for its next season, which will include performances of Meyerbeer's "L'Africane" and Beethoven's "Fidelio."

On Friday we had the season's last recital in the Washington Square Chamber Music series at Vanderbilt Hall. The Woodwind Ensemble of Paris kept up the

high standards of these top-flight concerts in a program devoted to Mozart, Milhaud, Vivaldi, Ibert, and Jolivet. Although an evening exclusively dedicated to wood-winds is perhaps a little too much, it is good to hear music like this, which is performed all too seldom. There were some unconsidered trifles on the program, but the group struck real pay-dirt in spirited performances of the Mozart "Divertimento No. 14" and the Milhaud "La Cheminée du Roi René."

NYU, which sponsors the series, has announced tentative plans for a group of six concerts next season, but whether or not the programs can be presented will depend on increased support and attendance. We get little enough first-rate music here in the Village, and I hope the series can be continued. If you are a chamber-music buff, you'll have to go far to find a higher grade of playing than has been on tap in Washington Square. Write to Miss Katherine Gault, 3 Washington Square North, and give her a word of encouragement—for my money, it's the best musical bargain in town, and it deserves your enthusiastic support and attendance.

On Sunday the choir and soloists of Grace Church, Broadway



—Henry Markowitz

and 10th Street, presented Part II of Hayden's "Creation." Because of a previous commitment I was able to hear only a portion of the program, but what I did hear was enough to convince me to keep my Sunday clear the next time that this group announces an event. There's a lot of good music to be heard in the Village churches, and Mr. Mitchell's group is right up there with the best of them.

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dance

NATIONAL BALLET
OF CANADA

Last Friday at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

The National Ballet of Canada, under the artistic direction of Celia Franca, presented a program of three dances highlighted by the revival of two Anthony Tudor ballets—"Dark Elegies" and "Offenbach in the Underworld." To round out the evening there was also a presentation of Fokine's "Les Sylphides."

The three works formed as varied a combination as one could imagine. "Les Sylphides" is in the purely classical tradition; its performance here was sweet and lacking in brilliance, but pleasant. "Dark Elegies," with music by Mahler, is harsh and somber; the Canadians do it with great economy of movement, almost entirely off pointe, and with an angular use of the body somewhat similar to that of the modern dances of its period (1938). Nicely sung in Brooklyn by Jan Simons, it was performed sharply and coldly with one dynamic solo by Ra. Moller to be specially commended. The ensemble work was swift and meticulous; the duets provided some exciting lifts in which strong body-movements occurred in mid-air without breaking the steady rhythm of soaring and descending.

Other Side of the Coin

"Offenbach in the Underworld" was the other side of the coin—a release piece, complete with Bohemian artist, café, demi-mondaine, bawdy cancan, and an honest-to-goodness brawl full of excitement and laughs. The performance was lively, the mugging extreme and hilarious, the caricatures delightful.

The Canadian dancers are young, and their goal is high. The two Tudor pieces have made them stretch their limitations, which is good for them. On the other hand, they have given us the pleasure of seeing two rarely performed Tudor works, which is good for us. We are glad both for them and for us that Tudor has been commissioned to choreograph a new work for the Canadian Ballet. May they return with it soon.

—Marianne Preger

DANCE NOTES:

Three times today and twice on Sunday the Merry-Go-Rounders of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA will present their program for children. The hours are 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. today (Wednesday), and 1 and 3 p. m. on Sunday.

Also for young people today is "The Pied Piper"—3 p. m. at the Henry Street Playhouse.

NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRE:
NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH

Last week-end at Greenwich House.

"The Night of January Sixteenth," Ayn Rand's dramatization of a murder trial, was presented last Friday and Saturday evenings by the Greenwich House Players, who have no qualms about their amateur status. The endless arguments of the plot, which barely camouflage the mundane dialogue, appeared to astonish the cast as much as the audience. But everybody managed to wend their ways through all the intricacy with a spirit of happy participation—not least the spectators, who acted as jury and rendered a fair verdict of Not Guilty. Notable among the performers on stage were Luis Interian, Vasili Sarant, Stan Lippman, and Gino Innocenti.

—C. K.

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THE WRITER OBSERVED

Continued from page 5

tion consonant with his openly subjective reactions, although the interviewer never becomes more important than the interviewee. Mr. Breit has the knack, if an uneven one, of communicating an almost kinesthetic impression of his guests. It is difficult to say whether this is due to the actual technique of the "talks" or whether it develops when he recreates an impression for publication. He states that the conversations are not transcribed, and the reader will probably agree that this is all for the best. In any event, Mr. Breit invokes both editorial discretion and a mind of his own in conveying "a glimpse of coherent character through the talk and, wherever possible, the act (or gesture)."

An Unnecessary Apologia

He prefaces the book with a conscientious but unnecessary apologia; actually the articles implicitly convey their own *raison d'être*. If more justification is



wanted, let it be found in some of the results of the interviews: "The process of advancement . . . It isn't that you get bigger to fit the world, the world gets smaller to fit you. You remain exactly the same" (T. S. Eliot, 1948);

"I like to think of it [poetry] as statements made on the way to the grave" (Dylan Thomas, 1952); or even perhaps in one of the columnist's own passages: ". . . If there is such an attribute as being restfully intense, Norman Mailer has it . . . while Mr. Mailer's thought and speech have intensity, Mr. Mailer himself—beneath the mind and voice as it were—is perfectly relaxed. It is an attractive paradox that creates intellectual stimulation and physical relaxation simultaneously."

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At the Rosenberg Gallery, through March 10.

by Dustin Rice

Rattner's signature zigzagging in the corners of his paintings like a small electric charge echoes the electrifying jolt of the whole work. He emerges in this exhibit at the Rosenberg as an artist sure of himself and his art. If he were a rabbi, and from his appearance and gentle personality he might very well be, he would certainly be a vivid and respectable one. So his paintings, filled with life and verve, intensely pitched in bright colors, are both safe and exciting.

"Prairie Sky" is filled with bright reds, oranges, yellows, and glistening whites. These intensities of hues are so skillfully juxtaposed that no single part of the painting jumps out at the spectator. One cannot help thinking of Stuart Davis' paintings, also very strident, but which, as in "Wow in Sao Pao," are actually so glaring as not only to leave the picture plane but almost hurt the spectator's eyes. Here is the secret of Rattner's success; although the pitch is high, the whole is harmonious and homogeneous.

Moses Four Ways

There are, in this show, four different interpretations of Moses, demonstrating the artist's concern with Hebraic themes even to the inclusion of Hebrew letters—as in canvas Number 4, where the letters mingle with the flaming brush strokes and bright color that connect the Prophet with the Burning Bush. "Moses" Number 8 shows a



—Courtesy Rosenberg Gallery

"PRAIRIE SKY NO. 6," a painting by Abraham Rattner in his exhibit now at the Rosenberg gallery.

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—Courtesy Passedoit Gallery

A self-portrait in tempera (1955) by CORNELIUS RUHTENBERG, from her exhibit at the Passedoit Gallery.

twisted God of Wrath who holds his own body steady and firm, while his mind explodes in a burst of color. Number 24—"Moses-Head"—is cool in atmosphere and suggestive of a more pensive attitude; while Number 14—"Moses-Head Composition"—implies, with a green face beseeching the sky, the contemplative side of the Old Testament leader.

When Van Gogh shocked the art world by squeezing his paint out of the tube directly on the canvas and making of the surface a three-dimensional relief, he instituted a technique which many painters have carried even farther than the frenetic Dutchman. Rattner is one of those who takes advantage of this technique, and he must also be thinking of Van Gogh's famous "Portrait of Shoes" in his own series of studies of old shoes. Personal character as reflected in worn footwear is not the province of painters alone, for we have the De Maupassant

THREE DOWNTOWN PAINTERS UPTOWN
Cornelis Ruhtenberg

At the Passedoit Gallery, through March 3.

Surrealism appears to be the last refuge for most serious realist easel-painters, and even the works of Cornelis Ruhtenberg (14th Street), who seems to prefer a return to the Renaissance, take on true flavor only when insinuations of symbolism, fantasy, and the bizarre are present.

The more interesting pieces in this category deal with Biblical themes: "Judas Kissing Christ," "Joseph and His Brothers," "Flagellation," etc. Perhaps because it has contemporary implications "Flagellation" is the most urgent and personal in the group. A pair of modern bullies are shown whipping a timeless martyr on what look like the steps of a brownstone. Like dozens of classical Saint Sebastians, this handsome figure accepts his fate with little more than an appeal to the celestial powers for the arrow that will end it all. (Could this be the Artist in a hostile, unreceptive world?)

Some Solid Construction

The "Judas Kissing Christ" shows some solid construction and a distinctive solemnity. But it too much resembles a fragment of a giant fresco by Piero della Francesca.

The artist's self-portrait—the sensitive, intense, and troubled young woman looking out on a world that is not her home—is an agreeable and technically polished canvas. The head and hands are modeled expressively and the body stands concretely in the airy space.

William Kienbusch

At the Kraushaar Gallery, through March 3.

William Kienbusch (Greenwich Avenue) works with consummate ease in the difficult casein medium. Stroking in bold, lengthy sweeps, he describes the grandeur of a northern region of islands,

At the Galleries

BERNARD-GANYMEDE, 19 East 76th. Paintings by Felix Pasilis, through Friday. Opens Monday: Paintings by Allan Kaprow, through March 17.

CARICATURE, 116 MacDougal. Paintings by Joy Stutman.

EIGHTH STREET, 33 West 8th. Eighth Street Art Association group show, through March 3.

HANSA, 210 Central Park South. Paintings by Jan Müller, through today. Opens tomorrow: Paintings by George Segal, through March 10.

HUDSON GUILD, 436 West 27th. Paintings by John Collins, through Saturday. Opens Monday: Chelsea Artists through March 10.

JAMES, 70 East 12th. Paintings by Robert Henry, collages by Charles Littler, through March 10.

KOLTNOW, 192 West 4th. Gallery artists.

LIMELIGHT, 91 Seventh Avenue South. Photographs by Ansel Adams, through March 17.

LITTLE GALLERY OF HUDSON PARK LIBRARY, 10 Seventh Avenue South. Graphics by Romas Viesulas, through February 29.

MORRIS, 174 Waverly Place. Paintings by Raiford Porter, through March 10.

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB, 15 Gramercy Park, opens tomorrow: National Society of Painters in Casein, through March 6.

NYU ART EDUCATION GALLERY, 80 Washington Square East. Pottery by William Daley, through March 10.

OTTENDORFER BRANCH, PUBLIC LIBRARY, 135 Second Avenue. Prints and a drawing by G. B. Piranesi, through March 1.

PARMA, 1107 Lexington. Paintings by Barnett Rubenstein and Edwina Curtis, through Saturday. Opens Monday: Paintings by Paul Ewen, through March 17.

PAVONE, 127 Lexington Avenue. Group show, through March 1.

PEN and BRUSH, 16 East 10th. National League of American Pen Women, State Show, through Tuesday.

PERDALMA, 400 West 23rd. Paintings by Ariadne Liebau, drawings by Carl Holty, through Friday. Opens Saturday: Paintings by Harold Lewis, through March 16.

POLARI GALLERY, 5-7 Minetta Street. Oils, drawings, prints by Wayne Battle, through March 4.

ROKO, 51 Greenwich Avenue. Robert Bekerman, through March 1.

SALMAGUNDI, 47 Fifth Avenue. Annual oil exhibition, through March 2.

TANAGER, 90 East 10th. Sculpture by Raymond Rocklin, through March 8.

TERRAIN, 20 West 16th. Chaim Koppelman retrospective, through February 29.

TIBOR DE NAGY, 24 East 67th. Paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, through Saturday. Opens Tuesday: Paintings by Dwight Ripley, through March 24.

VILLAGE ART CENTER, 39 Grove, 1955-56 watercolor prize-winners, through tomorrow. Opens Monday: Oil prize winners, through March 16.

VILLAGE CAMERA CLUB, 65 Bank Street. Photographs by Fred Plaut, through March 1.

VILLAGE LIBERAL CLUB: Paintings by Alvaro de Silva.



—Courtesy Mr. and Mrs. Alan Temp.

"WINTER—DIRIGO ISLAND," a painting by William Kienbusch now on exhibit at the Kraushaar Gallery.

rocky coasts, and shadow-ribbed mountains.

A chilled grey light radiates from the arc of wintry sky, locates the hollows and depressions of the land, and gently bathes the open, snow-whitened spaces. In "Winter, Dirigo Island," groups of tiny wedges that are evergreens serve to verify distance and lend a note of warmth to the wilderness.

Memories of Cubism

Land is rendered representationally, but the invigorating air and supernal light are suggested by block and linear abstractions that show memories of Cubism and Marin. Brilliant color occurs with the frequency and effect of desert bloom.

The artist's knowledge of color is best told in "Through the Pines the Ocean," where a placid, frosty sea casts up a spell of blue to fuse with the green of the land and the sentry pines on the cliff. No man appears in this pristine landscape, but a gifted painter has seen and recorded it.

David Ostrinsky

At the Panoras Gallery, through Saturday.

The unfortunate domination of technique over subject matter plagues the sparkling, diffusely patterned paintings of David Ostrinsky (Bank Street).

Armed with an ingenious and eloquent brush, he plunges into the forest in heroic search of the *Natur-geist* and emerges with deftly painted trees and plants and blazing sunset skies, but, sadly, with not very much of the atmosphere, the forest murmurs, or the sense of seasonal impermanence.

A Sensuous Landscape

Mr. Ostrinsky does successfully subdue his bristles in a work called "Fantasy," a delicately sensuous Fauvist landscape, recalling the early Dufy. If the intelligent Mr. Ostrinsky chooses this as his direction, he may well locate the elusive "spirit of nature" after all.

It should be mentioned that the frames of Carl Ashby, Cornelia Street, lend a firm aesthetic support.

—Ivan C. Karp

WILLIAMS IN COPENHAGEN

Having a one-man show of his paintings in Copenhagen, Denmark, this month is Walter Williams, here associated with the Roko Gallery. The 36-year-old artist has been painting only since 1950.

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Gain for West Village

The Holland-American Line gave approval this week to leasing the \$16-million pier which will be built by the city at the foot of West Houston Street. Plans for the massive terminal, made public Monday by Mayor Robert Wagner and Holland-American officials, reveal that the line will move its entire operation from Hoboken to the Village.

Pier is expected to be completed in late 1958 or early the following year, when the shipping company will pay an annual rent of \$1,055,000, highest in the port for a single pier. Annual shore payroll from the pier—expected to exceed \$2 million—will help revive what in recent years has been a virtually unused area for passenger traffic.

TWO WIN ART PRIZES

Two Villagers were awarded prizes at the fifty-ninth annual exhibition of the Catherine Lorillard Wolfe Art Club recently.

Jane Gray, of Washington Square North, won the popular award for her portrait of a child called "Dianne." Taking the marine award for her oil "Adventure Bound" was Helen Slottman, of University Place.

Village Art Center

39 Grove Street

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Paintings of India

MORRIS GALLERY at Christopher St.

HENRIK IBSEN KNOWS

HEDDA. Do you know, Thea, I feel like a bunch of opposites today, all fighting. **THEA**. So do I. And I can't say it's comfortable. **HEDDA**. There is George. He must be opposites also, but he is so staid, so lumbering. Don't you think he's a trifle too Norwegian, eh? **THEA**. Why, you know, Heda, I hear that in America, there is a Siegel Theory of Opposites which says that Art is the Making One of Opposites, and they can be that way in life—in us, Heda, in you, you—and in me. **HEDDA**. Would I like the chance to hear these opposites discussed! I do think, Thea, that would be better than many of the things I do. **THEA**. Oh, my dear, courageous, free Heda!

Note: Fifth Discussion of the SIEGEL THEORY OF OPPOSITES in Relation to Poetry, Terrain Gallery, 20 West 16 St.,



Courtesy John E. Allen Collection
THE WINSOME LASS in the photograph above is **CLARA BOW**, movie star and "It"-girl of the 1920's. (She was once declared off-limits to the entire University of Southern California football team—for real.) (Just before the Rose Bowl game, natch.)

In 1926 she made a movie called "Dancing Mothers." I happened to catch it at the Theatre de Lys, when they were showing old movies there a couple of years ago. It's great. She's great. Miss Bow had (and on film still has) more zip, more pep, more vitality, more *It*, than three hundred dozen movie starlets since. If the rise to glory of a Grace Kelly, say, is one of the puzzles of your idle moments, as it is of mine, then take a trip up to the Museum of the City of New York (Fifth Avenue and 103rd Street) this Saturday at either 11 a. m. or 3 p. m. There you will see "Dancing Mothers" as the current entry in the museum's fine weekend film series on "New York Ladies of the Silent Screen" (Miss Bow was born in Brooklyn, the release says, in 1905—"the only child of a day laborer and his ailing wife"). Other ladies and movies just as interesting are to follow. More later on this. And Norman Mailer, you are perfectly right in what you say this week in your column there.

J.T.

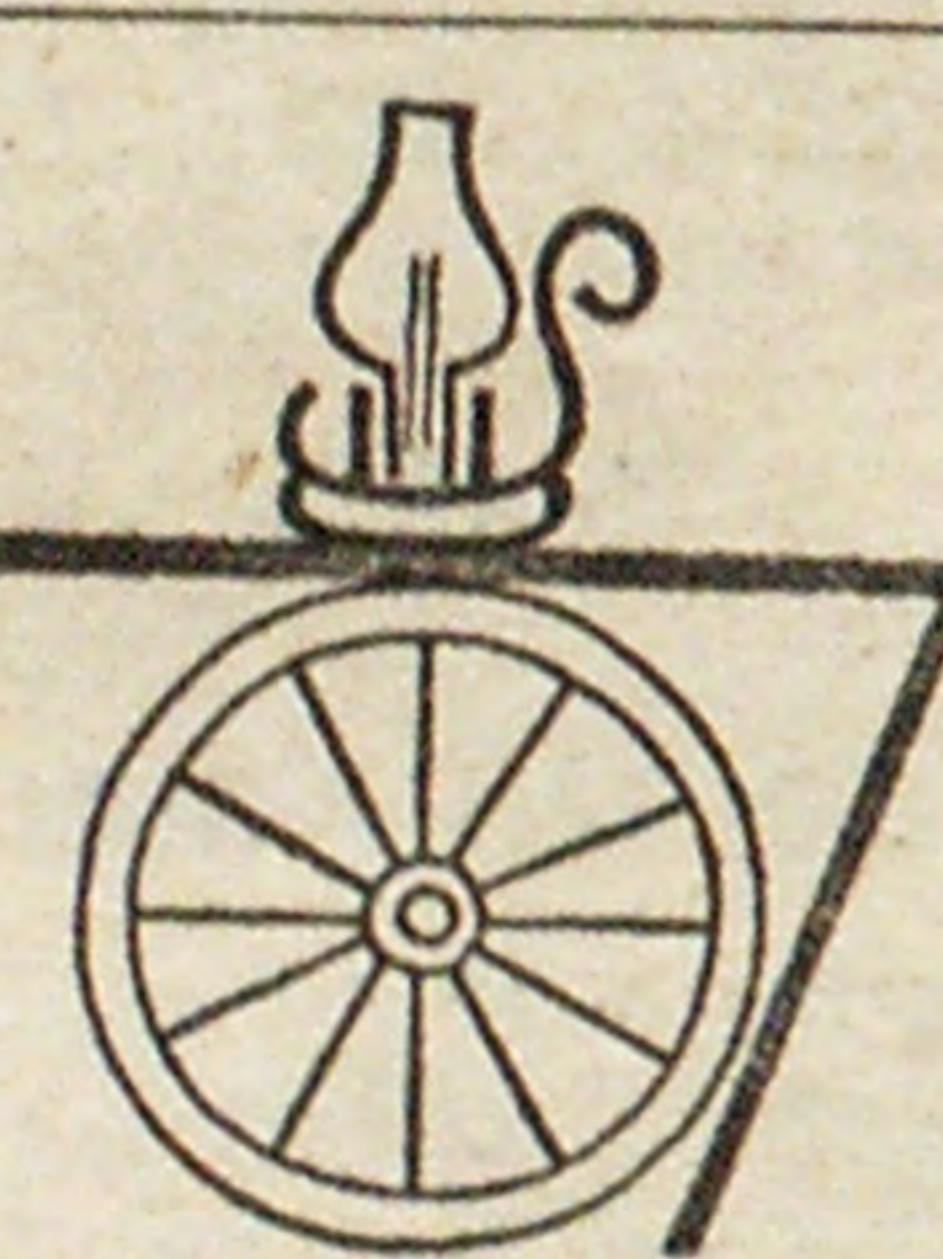
THE BANDLERS IN 'LOOK'

The current issue of *Look* magazine spotlights Mike and Jean Bandler, creators of Pappagallo Shoes. In their factory in a loft on Greenwich Avenue the Banders produce 1000 pairs of high-fashion brogans daily. Pappagallo is a million-dollar operation that spreads over the globe.

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at the movies

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

THE COURT MARTIAL OF BILLY MITCHELL
 (Wed-Tue)

Wed-Sat: 12.40, 4.10, 7.40, 11.10.

Sun: 12.20, 3.50, 7.20, 10.45.

Mon, Tue: Same as Wed-Sat.

INSIDE DETROIT (Wed-Tue)

Wed-Sat: 11.10, 2.40, 6.15, 9.45.

Sun: 2.25, 5.57, 9.29.

Mon, Tue: Same as Wed-Sat.

Now in **THIS** court-martial movie it's Old Poker-Face Gary Cooper, as Billy Mitchell, Air Force enfant terrible of the 20's, who goes and proves that an airplane can sink a battleship.

Dennis O'Keefe, junior undercover man, this time smashes the auto unions, or the labor racketeers, or someone. Good show; not by John Gunther.

ART

THE NIGHT MY NUMBER CAME UP
 (Wed-Tue)

Wed, Thurs: 1.40, 3.50, 5.50, 8.10, 10.

Fri, Sat: 1.15, 3.15, 5.15, 7.15, 9.15,

11.15.

Sun-Tue: Same as Wed, Thurs.

Redgrave and Alexander Knox in one of those tense British pictures about predestination, with airplanes.

CLUB CINEMA

THE CAPTAIN FROM KOEPENICK, 1931
 (Sat only)

8.30, 10.

A pre-Hitler German-made satire on militarism.

EIGHTH STREET

UMBERTO D (Wed-Tue)

Wed, Thurs: 1.40, 3.50, 5.50, 8.10, 10.

Fri, Sat: 1.15, 3.15, 5.15, 7.15, 9.15,

11.15.

Sun-Tue: Same as Wed, Thurs.

De Sica's movie about a retired government clerk who is unable to subsist on his pension.

FIFTH AVENUE CINEMA

ELEPHANT BOY, 1937 (Wed)

4.45, 8.15.

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN, 1941 (Wed)

2.40, 6.15, 9.35.

Sabu, Sabu, Sabu, Sabu, Sabu, as Korda festival continues at this theatre.

Vivien Leigh and her Sir Larry in a nice swash-buckling distortion of the life of Horatio, Lord Nelson.

Sabu again, with Conrad Veidt and June Duprez, in a picture wonderfully full of Djinns, flying carpets, and such Near Eastern sorcery. Lots of gauzy harem types, too.

Rich American family and daughter Jean Parker seek to lay the ghost of Robert Donat, relocated in reassembled castle 3000 miles west of his native heath. This whimsy is by Rene Clair.

The late great Leslie Howard rescuing French aristocrats—between snatches of poetry—by the tumbrel-full.

Laughton as R. V. R., Gertie Lawrence and Elsa Lanchester as his ladies. A powerful film.

GRAMERCY

THE AFRICAN LION, 1955 (Wed-Fri)

12, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10.

The Veldt cum Disney, slightly less prettified than earlier items in Walt's wild-life series, but only slightly.

DANCE LITTLE LADY, 1955 (Sat-Tue)

Wed, Thurs: 1.40, 3.50, 5.50, 8.30, 11.20.

Sun-Tue: 1.20, 4.20, 7.20, 10.20.

A ballet movie with Mai Zetterling and the Sadler's Wells Company.

GREEN MAGIC, 1955 (Sat-Tue)

Sat: 1.24, 4.15, 7.10, 10.

Sun-Tue: 12, 2.55, 5.55, 8.55.

South American travelogue in which piranha devour a living steer. Narrative by James Agee. Good time-killer.

GREENWICH

DANCE LITTLE LADY, 1955 (Wed-Sat)

Wed, Thurs: 1, 4.15, 7.22, 10.30.

Fri, Sat: 2.24, 5.19, 8.14, 11.05.

See capsule comment for the Gramercy.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Wed-Sat)

Wed, Thurs: 2.45, 5.58, 9.05.

Fri, Sat: 1, 3.55, 6.50, 9.40.

American premiere of a British political satire with Cecil Parker and Eric Portman.

RAINS OF RANCHIPUR, 1955 (Sun-Tue)

1, 4.05, 7.05, 10.10.

A re-make of "The Rains Came," with Richard Burton, Fred MacMurray, Lana Turner.

MAD AT THE WORLD, 1955 (Sun-Tue)

2.55, 5.57, 9.

How to solve the delinquency problem—aggrieved father tracks kid-killers down. Frank Lovejoy, Keefe Brasselle.

LOEW'S SHERIDAN

ARTISTS AND MODELS, 1955 (Wed-Tue)

Wed, Thurs: 12, 3.33, 7.06, 10.39.

Fri, Sat: 12.05, 3.45, 7.25, 11.08.

Sun-Tue: Same as Wed, Thurs.

La vie bohème as interpreted by those two jolly madcaps of the varicolored screen—Martin and Lewis. Ho ho ho.

THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY, 1955 (Wed-Tue)

Wed, Thurs: 1.49, 5.22, 8.55.

Fri, Sat: 2.01, 5.41, 9.24.

Sun-Tue: Same as Wed, Thurs.

At long last Alfred Hitchcock shows his true colors—the piebald colors of a clown. The gag here concerns a disappearing body up in the hills of Vermont.

WAVERLY

IVANHOE, 1952 (Wed)

12.05, 3.25, 6.45, 10.10.

Walter Scott on a wide screen, in wood (the Taylors, Robert and Elizabeth). Nice color, nice jousting. Urged on all devotees of "Gate of Hell."

THE 7 LITTLE FOYS, 1955 (Wed)

1.55, 5.15, 8.35.

Bob Hope in a semi-serious role. Semi-successful.

DR. KNOCK, 1955 (Thurs, Fri)

Thurs: 12.15, 3.35, 6.55, 10.15.

Fri: 1.30, 4.45, 8, 11.15.

Dr. Louis Jouvet knocking the medical profession into a cocked hat. Not recommended for members of the A. M. A. Nor, to be candid, for those who like to see movies move.

MAN WITH A MILLION, 1954 (Thurs, Fri)

Thurs: 2.05, 5.25, 8.45.

Fri: 12, 3.15, 6.30, 9.45.

English-made version of the Mark Twain story, with lots of good incisive characterizations. Gregory Peck excellent as the star.

OTHELLO (Sat)

EVENTS AND OPENINGS

Equity Library presents "Best Foot Forward" this week-end at the Lenox Hill Playhouse, 331 East 70th Street. Performances are at 8:40, Wednesday through Sunday.

"Thunder Rock" will be given by the Broadway Chapel Players at the Broadway Congregational Church, 56th Street, this Sunday at 5 p.m. and for ten Sundays thereafter. The Robert Ardrey play was originally presented on Broadway in November, 1939, with Luther Adler and Eli Kazan in the cast.

The After Dinner Opera Company opens its New York winter season tonight at 8 p.m. at 52 East 78th Street. The program, entitled, "Three Happy Operas," includes the world premiere of "Opera, Opera," by Saroyan-Kalmanoff; the New York premiere of "The Pot of Fat," by Pickman-Chandler; and the American premiere of "Apollo and Persephone," by Gerald Cockshott. Georgette Palmer is music director, Richard Stuart Flusser, stage director.

The permanent company resumes affairs on Friday evening at the Provincetown with a midwinter production of Henrik Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," once described by Alexander Woolcott as "so towering a work of genius and cunning a piece of dramatic craftsmanship that a far-away

audience is held breathless while its four acts unfold." John F. Grahame is the group's director; featured in the cast are Jane Altman, JoAnn DeCaron, John Francis, and Donald Shumway. The run will be for four weeks, with performances on Thursday through Sunday evenings at 8:40.

A second off-Broadway edition of William Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet"—the first is already in repertory at the Shakespearean Theatre Workshop—gets its unveiling tomorrow evening at the Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 East 74th Street. The production is the third of the year for the Shakespearewrights, the group in tenancy at the Jan Hus establishment.

The Downtown Players—a different outfit than the one which is just about to stage "Candida" at the new Downtown Theatre, on East 4th Street—have begun rehearsals for "The House on Karkov Street," a series of three Chekovian comedies dealing with love and marriage. The plays will be put on some time in April at the Radin Theatre, 128 Stanton Street.

In addition to "The Boor" and "The Marriage Proposal," the Downtown program will include a new play, "The Suitors," announced as being "in the style of Chekhov." It was written for the occasion by Charles Marowitz, the group's director. Earlier this season the Downtown Players did a modern-dress version of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus."

at the theatre

ACTOR'S PLAYHOUSE

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED
8:40 except Mon.

The great Andreyev play in a performance just satisfactory enough to make it well worth seeing.

BROADWAY CONGREGATIONAL

THUNDER ROCK
5, Sun only.

The Robert Ardrey play. Opens this Sunday for ten Sundays only. To be reviewed.

CARL FISCHER HALL

THEODORE
8:30 Saturdays.

L'APOLLON DE BELLAC
LE PAIN DE MENAGE
GROS CHAGRINS
8:30 Wed-Fri.

A one-man exercise in the macabre.

Comedies by Giraudoux, Jules Renard, and George Courteline, presented (in French) by the French Art Theatre, Eve Daniel directing. See review page 18.

CHERRY LANE

THE ADMIRABLE BASHVILLE
THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS
8:40, Tue-Fri, Sun; 6:40, 9:40
Sat; 2:40 mat Sun.

The GBS plays, directed by Charles Olson. To be reviewed.

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE

THE CRADLE SONG
8:40 except Mon; 2:40 mat Sun.

Lola d'Annunzio starring in a bland but moving comedy about a group of nuns who inherit a baby.

DAVENPORT

SALOME
A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY
8:30 Thurs-Sun.

Two plays by Oscar Wilde. The richly written, stylized Salome needs more guts, imagination, and a sharper pace to be successful.

DOWNTOWN THEATRE

CANDIDA
8:40 Tue-Sun; 2:40 mat Sun.

The Shaw play presented by Engrav and Landis. To be reviewed.

EQUITY LIBRARY

BEST FOOT FORWARD
8:40, Wed-Sun

From the book by John Cecil Holm, music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane, directed by James Nystrom.

FOURTH STREET

UNCLE VANYA
8:40 except Mon; 2:40 mat Sat, Sun.

Chekhov's stunning tragicomedy, with Franchot Tone, Signe Hasso, George Voskovec and Peggy McCay. David Ross the director. A triumph all around.

JAN HUS

ROMEO AND JULIET
8:30 except Mon; mat Sat, Sun.

A Shakespearewright's production; opens tomorrow night. To be reviewed.

LABOR TEMPLE

THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN
JOHN MASON
8:30 except Thurs and Sun;
2:30 mat Tue, Sat.

Temple Theatre, a new group, opens with these plays by John M. Synge and Nahum Yablonovitz. See review by Mary Ellen Hecht page 10.

OPEN STAGE

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE
MASTER RACE
8:30 Thurs-Sun; 7:30 Wed.

An English adaptation by Eric Bentley of the Goya-esque anti-Nazi play by Bert Brecht. Hard-hitting show.

ORIGINALS ONLY

A FAMILY OF WAITING
8:40 Thurs-Sun; 5:30 tea-time mat Sat.

A verse play by Deric Reigen.

PHOENIX

MISS JULIE
THE STRONGER
8:40 except Mon, 2:40 mat Sat, Sun.

A Strindberg double bill, with Viveca Lindfors and Ruth Ford. Directed by George Tabori. See review by Jerry Tallmer this page.

PRESIDENT

THIRD PERSON
8:40 except Mon; 2:40 mat Sat, Sun.

Another play about homosexuality—round about. With Louise Allbritton.

PROVINCETOWN

ROSMERSHOLM
8:40 Thurs-Sun.

The Ibsen play. Opens Friday for four weeks only. To be reviewed.

ROYAL

LA FLAMME
8:30 Wed-Sun.

A cliché masquerading as a play.

SENIOR DRAMATIC WORKSHOP

OVERRULED
THE EVIL EYE
THE INSECT COMEDY
8:30 Saturday.

First New York showings of one-act plays by Shaw and Pirandello, plus the famous work by Karel and Josef Capek.

SHAKESPEAREAN WORKSHOP

ROMEO AND JULIET
8:30 Thurs-Sat.

A company with youth, ardor, and volatility does a nice job with this great, peculiar tragedy.

STUDIO THEATRE

DANGEROUS CORNER
8:30 Fri-Sun.

The J. B. Priestley play, directed by Vivian Leopold.

THEATRE DE LYS

THE THREEPENNY OPERA
8:40 except Mon; 2:40 mat Sat, Sun.

Lotte Lenya stars as Jenny in an Americanized version of the famous, misanthropic Bert Brecht-Kurt Weill musical non-comedy. Lenya and the music are marvellous.

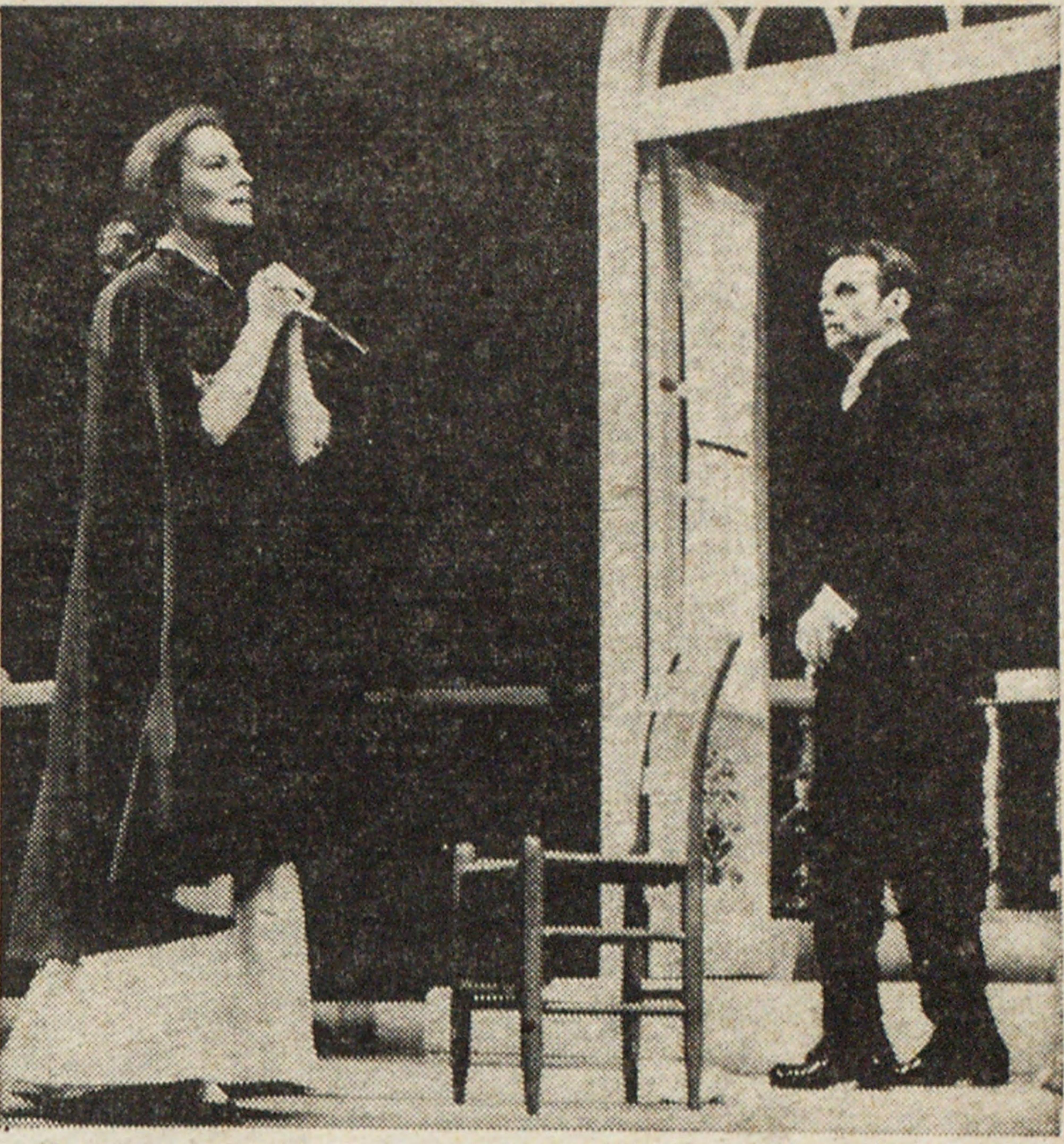
THEATRE: THE THORNTONS

Last week at the Provincetown Playhouse.

During the first act of "The Thorntons" Phyllis Thornton (played by Sally Kemp) suggested to the assembled group at the Thornton Mansion that they play charades. "Oh, no!" said Guy Brent (William Tregoe). "That only goes in something by Noel Coward." They settled for Scrabble and the play went on. Music, from a simulated radio in a wall of the set established the leitmotif. Unlike Coward, co-authors Millie Buhl Frederick and Irving Strouse never fully decided what they were trying to say. The Thorntons, they would have had us believe, are an American dynasty somewhat on the decline yet still the recipients of \$100,000 annually (tax-free), and we learn in the third act that Cleveland Amory has devoted a full chapter to them in his "The Last Resorts." I doubt it.

Despite the inconsistencies of the play, the cast was one of the handsomest of the season, on or off Broadway. Ruth Warrick was beautifully gowned and her performance was admirable. Miss Kemp, as her step-niece, did a fine job as the adolescent débuteante coming of age. She made of

Continued on page 14



VIVECA LINDFORS and JAMES DALY, in a climactic moment toward the very end of "Miss Julie," the Strindberg drama now (with "The Stronger") at the Phoenix.

THEATRE: MISS JULIE and THE STRONGER

The two plays by August Strindberg, in free adaptations by George Tabori, directed by Mr. Tabori at the Phoenix Theatre. Scenery and lighting by Klaus Holm; costumes designed by Alvin Colt.

by Jerry Tallmer

The word, I suppose, is *shattering*. I had not fully realized quite how shattering a play "Miss Julie" really was until, surrounded on all sides by the Great American Jerk, of what appeared to be principally college age, I saw a pre-opening preview of it last week at the Phoenix.

Never was there a more abominable audience, short of those that hooted at James or tried to lynch O'Casey. And in a sense this one was worse: it laughed, it giggled nervously, it made sur-reptitious would-be wise-cracks

all through the most wrenching moments of this altogether wrenching play. The reason is of course obvious: the play was too much for our friends to take. Life pulled to its tautes, life laid bare—the average American middle-brow-intellectual jerk doesn't want it, doesn't understand it, and flatly refuses to face up to it. I emphasize the fact that this was an *intellectual* audience, of a sort. God pity Strindberg when thrown into the open arena—which is why Strindberg, unlike Ibsen, unlike even Chekhov, has never caught on here and never can. It is enough to make one anti-American, and that, as you may know, is what I cannot happily live and be.

Lindfors Comes Close

The girl I went with—an Americanized European—said that after all, such a reaction in the audience must be ascribed in part to a failure in the directing and acting; an absolutely grade-A performance, which this one wasn't, would make everything in the play more manageable, more credible, therefore more acceptable. I disagreed; I still do. Viveca Lindfors (despite her up-to-date awards) is far from the world's greatest actress, and James Daly is a couple of light years farther away than that, but both of them work like troopers here, and for me, anyway, Miss Lindfors some 80 per cent of the time comes very close to what I think Strindberg had in mind, with all the ambivalencies and complexities beautifully in place. Indeed, she has scenes and sections in which she gets so superbly close to all

Continued on page 10

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—Voice photo by Gene Dauber

TONE AND VOSCOVEK IN THE DRESSING ROOM

Backstage With Franchot Tone And Company at the 4th Street

Continued from page 1

Street?" I asked Tone finally. "Good play." (Long pause.) "The (Lee) Strassbergs brought me down here to see 'The Cherry Orchard,' and I liked what I saw. Then"—poking at beard—"Stark Young, a friend of mine, told me that he was translating 'Uncle Vanya' for Dave Ross. He said that I would be right for the doctor. Then"—pat, pat—"I signed for the part."

"Atkinson says this is probably the best thing you've ever done. Do you agree with him?"

Tone added a few hairs to his beard, then rubbed them into position.

"No, as a matter of fact I don't."

I thought the part I played in 'Oh Men! Oh Women!' was as good or better. The humor in that play was never fully understood."

In Deep Thought

George Voskovec (Uncle Vanya) examined his face in the mirror. He said nothing and paced the room in deep thought. It was now ten after 8. Clarence Derwent, wearing a frock coat, walked in and strode slowly back and forth, joking occasionally with Hiken and Voskovec. He looked his part—that of a European professor who no longer has a chair at the university.

"You started in New York, didn't you, Mr. Tone?"

"Yes. I started in the Village . . . ouch!" he said, yanking a hair from the beard. "I have a curved lip and this damned stuff is straight. Well, pretty soon I'll have my own beard and won't have to keep putting this stuff on." He rubbed his chin and twisted some hairs near his lower lip.

"The first group I was with was the New Playwrights Theatre . . . John Howard Lawson, Francis Faragoh, Emijo Bashi, Mike Gold, John Dos Passos. They managed to get \$50,000 from Otto Kahn. They lost \$45,000 and with the \$5000 they had left rented the Cherry Lane Theatre on Commerce Street. Top salary was \$20 a week for the actors."

"How did it go?"

No Adjectives, No Adverbs

"All flops. One critic even went so far, he made it impossible for us to quote him in the ads. No adjectives. No adverbs. 'This play is bad, is lousy, is stupid . . .'" Tone chuckled and began to work on his moustache.

"Did you live in the Village?"

"Yes. I've lived at 93 Perry Street, and hundred-and-something West 12th Street, and 284 West 11th Street."

"Is this the first Chekhov you've been in?"

"No. In 1929 I was working with Katharine Cornell at the Morosco Theatre. A group of us did two special matinée performances of 'Uncle Vanya,' but it didn't catch on."

"Did you go to the Group Theatre after that?"

"First with the acting company stairs."

of the Theatre Guild, and in 1931 I helped start the Group."

"Is 'Uncle Vanya' the most satisfying thing you've done so far?"

"No. The time I spent with the Group was best. We were always doing something, even when we weren't in a play. Those were exciting days."

Chekhov's Best

"How do you like 'Uncle Vanya'?"

"I think it's Chekhov's best comedy."

"Did you find it hard to integrate with the cast? There seem to be so many different styles."

"The fact that each of us has a different method heightens the thing. It's good for the play. Chekhov wrote distinct characters."

"Do you plan to stay with it?"

"Oh yes. I think we have something. It'll grow." (Tone and the rest of the company were announced by David Ross last week as having agreed to stay with "Vanya" during its indefinitely extended run.)

"I think I better get out of your way, it's 8:20," I said.

"No, that's all right, stay." He looked at himself in profile.

David Ross burst in through the curtain that serves as a door.

"Whitney Bolton says we succeeded where Jed Harris failed," he said, and paused for response. He was all excited.

Didn't Say That

Tone looked at him seriously and said: "I don't think he said that Harris 'failed.'"

"No?" Ross said, let down. "He didn't?" He scratched his head and left again.

"One summer," Tone said to Derwent, "a group of actors was sitting around with nothing to do." (Pat, pat). "Lillian Gish, Walter Connolly, Ossie Perkins. They decided on a cooperative venture, working for minimum, and Harris handled it."

"Say, wouldn't that be something," Derwent said, taking the center of the floor. "Ten or fifteen actors getting together. No producers, get rid of the crazy directors . . ."

There was a silence. Tone smiled and finally said: "Now that strikes a nerve."

Hiken put the last touches on his make-up. "Clarence," he said, "if you don't look out, you'll get the Derwent Award this year."

David Ross came back into the room.

"I'll have to read Whitney Bolton's piece now," Tone said, winking, in an aside to me.

"Did you hear the one that M. L. Friedlander tells about the woman who gave up everything for a mink coat?" Derwent said to no one in particular. Ross crossed the room and Derwent finished the joke in his direction: "Now that she has it, she can't button it." Ross went out.

Final Inspection

Tone leaned back for a final inspection. "There," he said admiringly, "I guess I look old enough now." He sprayed himself symbolically to signify the end of the job. In the corner there was a portable phonograph and a stack of 45 r. p. m.'s. Tone reached over and turned up the volume.

It was Toscanini conducting a concerto for bassoon and orchestra. Voskovec, as if hearing a cue, came over and leaned down, listening intently to the music.

"A little 'Uncle Vanya' music, heh George?"

Voskovec nodded in agreement.

"That's really flute music," Tone said, shaking his beard in time with the concerto.

Ross came in again. It was 8:35. Someone reminded them of the time. Tone got up and began to walk around. They were all up now, waiting for the curtain cue.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Tone. Thanks very much." We shook hands.

"You're from the Village . . .?"

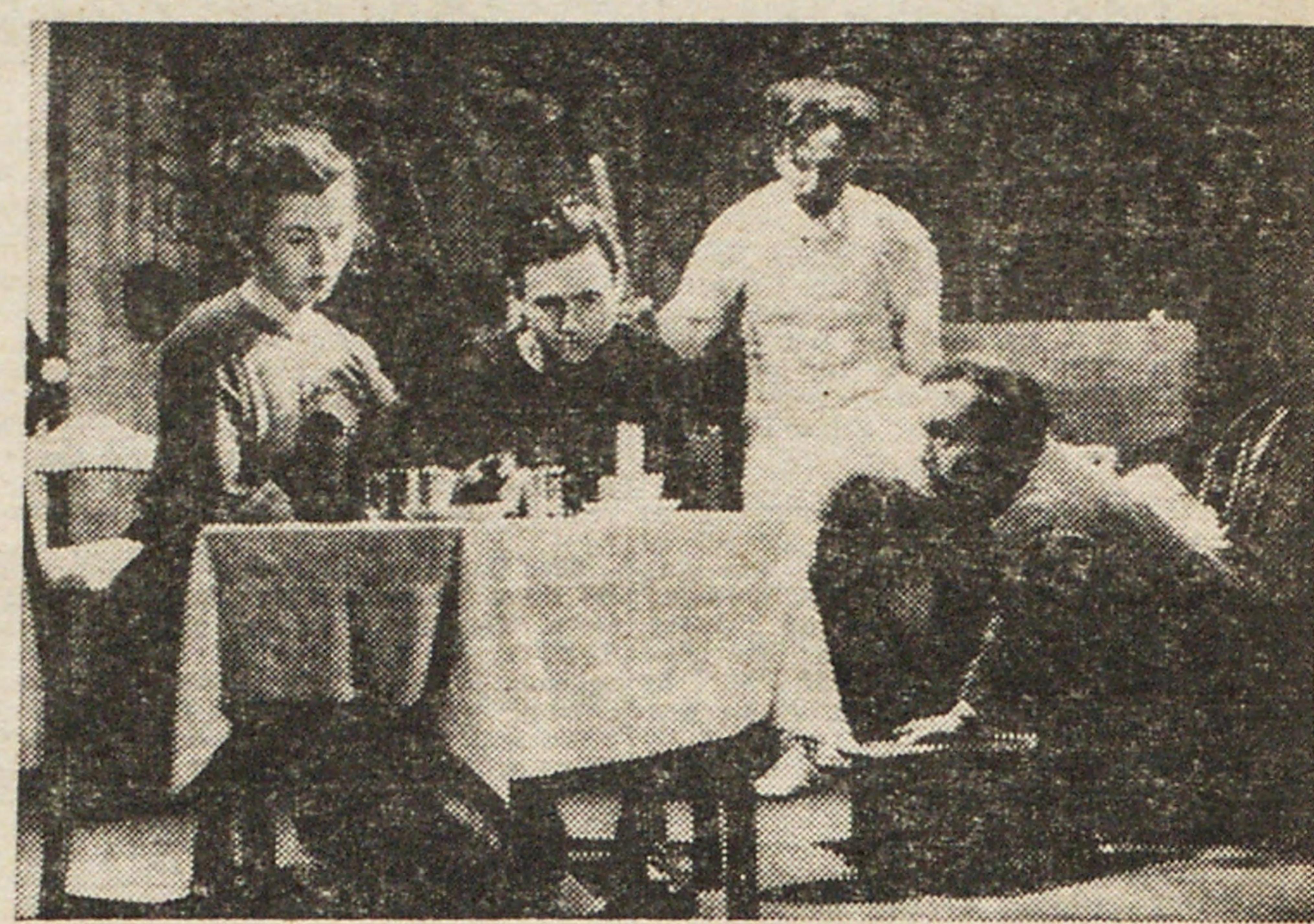
"Voice."

"Would you send me a copy," he asked courteously.

"Yes. Of course."

"Here at the theatre," he added politely.

Outside, the lobby was crowded with people, and a line had formed at the box office. The lights blinked off and on and off, and the crowd began to climb the narrow staircase that leads from the lobby into the theatre up



—Dauber

From the Temple Theatre production of J. M. Synge's "Shadow of the Glen": EAVAN O'CONNOR (the wife), GLENN CANNON (the young neighbor), COLIN CRAIG (the husband), and BYRNE PIVEN (the tramp).

THEATRE: SHADOW OF THE GLEN and JOHN MASON

by Mary Ellen Hecht

Plays by J. M. Synge and Nahum Yablonovitz, the former directed by Lawrence Arrick, the latter by William Gyimes, at the Temple Theatre.

On October 1, 1903, the Irish National Theatre Society presented "Shadow of the Glen," marking J. M. Synge's debut as a dramatist and, it would seem, as catalyst in fine Irish tradition. The press attacked the play as "a staging of a corrupt version of the old-world

MISS JULIE

Continued from page 9

the slim lovely narcissistic demi-virgins I ever knew or was in love with, that it stuns and terrifies me. My response, however, was other than a giggle.

All Miss Lindfor's playing in and around and just before and after The Big Seduction seemed to me to be on this high order; and again, later in the drama, when the seducer-valet (Mr. Daly) puts a carving knife to her beloved chaffinch, I thought she almost touched on true brilliance. The girl who can love a chaffinch more than a human being, more even than herself, is not an uncommon one today. It is a mark of Strindberg's genius that he could have spotted this as early as he did—and a still clearer mark that he also knew, and said, that it was not actually such a girl's own fault. Yet what tops it all is what he further knew and said (as Koestler, among others, was presently in another context also to say): that it is merely puerile and irresponsible to try to write everything off with *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*.

Here is the paradox, the horror, and the glory; the wheels-within-wheels mechanism (or miracle) of life. I believe that Strindberg must have been one of the most complicated, schizophrenic, and perceptive of all the people who have ever tried to put pen to paper. Certainly he was one of the most dangerous, most subversive. No wonder good young liberal Americans wish (inside themselves) that he would go away.

Considerable Rewriting

The rewriting by Mr. Tabori is considerable, yet not too injurious. I don't mind so much what he cut out as what he took it upon himself to write in. On the other hand, as a director, especially in the "cadenza" scenes—the servants' ballet during the seduction—he seems to me to show great imaginative talent. His handling of his wife Miss Lindfor has probably been as strong and deft as her own natural range allows, and if she over-emotes in the longer and more dramaturgic "Miss Julie," she is beautifully in command of herself during her whole silent role throughout "The Stronger."

Ruth Ford, in this second play—they put it on first, the night I was there, which thanks to the unbelievable lateness and racket of much of the audience was a bad mistake—Miss Ford was too flat, too superficial, too unmodulated for my taste. Yet beside me I heard it said that she was terrific. I wish I could write another entire piece to go into these several matters and to explore the thousand subtleties of "The Stronger," but if I do not end this now you will never get to the Phoenix at all. Go there, and please try not to giggle. The experience may turn you inside out.

Values Are Reversed

The play, which started almost as a joke, has turned into a travesty. Roles and values have been reversed, so that those who once seemed small and meaningless have put the others into their

Continued on page 13

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9:45 A.M.—Upper Church School

10:45 A.M.—Lower Church School

11 A.M.—MR. MELLIN

8 P.M.—Program of

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9:45 A.M.—Upper Church School

Village Shopper

Peggy Tallmer

I have always thought that the way to make the best cup of coffee was with a Chemex coffee-maker, but the problem there is that \$2.75 tab on the box of filters. The Flavor Cup, West 10th Street, has come to my rescue. Here a box of filters are \$1.90. This is a wonderful shop that sells rare teas and coffees, looks like an old-fashioned store, and smells out of this world. Tea runs from \$1.20 to \$2.50 a pound, and can be packed as a gift in one of the shop's decorated tin caddies for \$2.

A few doors down the street is the Spinning Wheel, a place that almost has more in the window than in the store proper. As antique shops go, I find this one quite expensive, but it does contain some charming things: a 12-inch-high yellow-eyed owl holding a round glass clock in his beak, \$110; a French coach-clock with bold Roman-numeral face, \$45; a tiny gold oval picture frame with a fine chain to hang it by, \$4.50; a French porcelain tea pot, sugar bowl, and creamer decorated with a single moss rose on each piece, \$35; matching cake plates, \$2.50 each; and a handsome Victorian



—Henry Markowitz

walnut secretary with three drawers and a roll top, \$75.

On Sixth Avenue, near 11th, is the International Toy Fair, a shop groaning with marvels for the kids, as well as for adults with a little imagination. International carries the largest selection anywhere of those German-made Steiff animals that are just the right side of being too sentimental in design. Though almost indestructible, they all have movable legs, heads, and tails. There are rabbits, pigs, lions, cats, deer, at \$1.29 to \$2.98. My favorite is a porcupine with a coat that looks like a wet cat's, \$2.98. Steiff is the maker of the original Teddy Bear, and International has a huge one that sells for \$40. There is the more or less usual selection of pistols and holsters, and games educational and not so educational, and games for blowing up the house, and turning the kids into cutthroat business men. Best of all are the sets of British- and French-made miniature metal knights and ladies, Celts, Romans, Indians, farmers, Highlanders, Arabs, and soldiers from every historic campaign you can think of. The French soldiers are direct copies of those on old prints, and a set could be arranged in a velvet-lined shadow box for the wall.

ASCENSION PROGRAMS

An organ recital and Mozart's "Requiem Mass" are scheduled for this Sunday and Monday at the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue and 10th Street.

William Dean Tinker, assistant organist, will play works by Bach, Pachelbel, Lubeck, Franck, Schroeder, and Alain, at 5.30 Sunday afternoon.

Vernon de Tar will direct the "Requiem Mass" Monday at 8.15 p. m. Assisting the choir will be soprano Ruth Diehl, contralto Gladys Kriese, tenor John McCollum, and bass David Smith.

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THE GRAND DUKE

The comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan, presented last week-end at the Alma Gluck Hall by the Chamber Opera Players, formerly of St. John's in the Village. Staged by Clark Wiswell and Virginia Paquin. Musical direction by Jack Wiley.

The Chamber Opera Players have not taken "The Grand Duke" very seriously and so can be said to have caught the true spirit of the piece. I doubt that either Gilbert or Sullivan took this, their last collaboration, very seriously. It is as if the two partners were parodying their own works. Fraught with unworthy complications, the plot seems to move the characters, rather than vice versa, and everyone is so busy catching up with the galloping story line that there is virtually no time to devote to character.

Aware of Its Limitations

It is rare indeed when a reviewer is afforded the opportunity to appraise the histrionic endeavors of two fellow-reviewers, both in the same show. Think what you will of my journalistic integrity, but I must report that Voice contributors William Murray and Hibbard James evinced a goodly share of theatrical élan and did much to brighten the Grand Duchy of Pfennig-Halbfennig. When the slight seams of the fragile work seemed most likely to split, Audrey Astell (an excellent actress-singer) and Harvey Colburn (an appropriately dry comic) came to its rescue. I believe the cast was fully aware of the opera's limitations. There was a certain diligence in their playing which seemed to suggest a band of revelers come to cheer a sick friend.

Given a more substantial Savoy opera, I doubt that the Chamber Players could muster the necessary vocal and theatrical power. But the slender architecture of "The Grand Duke" seemed perfectly suited to their capabilities, and it is amazing how much can be forgiven when zest and animal spirits predominate.

—Charles Marowitz



—Dauber

The three principals in "Candida," opening this week at the Downtown Theatre: **GEORGIA PHILLIPS**, in the title role; **JACK COLVIN**, as young Marchbanks; and **WILLIAM LANDIS**, as Morell.

No Serious Harm

Five persons—none of them Villagers—received minor injuries early Saturday in a two-car collision at the junction of Christopher Street and the West Side highway. All were treated at St. Vincent's Hospital and released after treatment.

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Painter Jack Levine appears Friday at 8.15 p. m. at NYU in the third of a series entitled Meet the Artist. Howard Simon, teacher of portrait and figure painting, will introduce Mr. Levine, who will speak about his work and his views on art. The discussion will be held in Room 170, Waverly Building, 24 Waverly Place.

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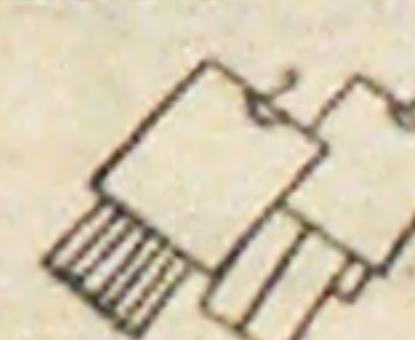
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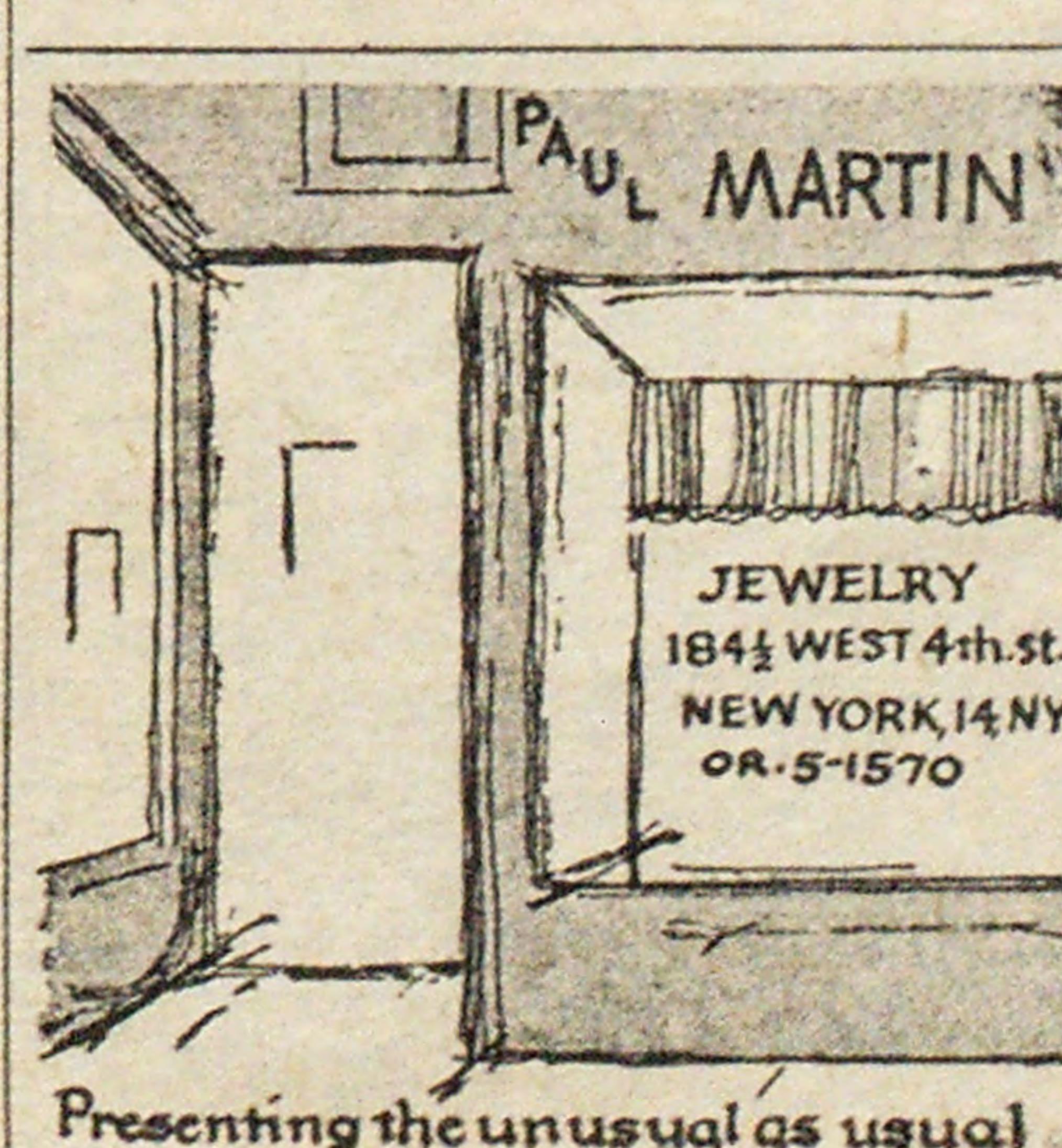
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Presenting the unusual as usual

At Home with Stella Holt: Room with a (Point of) View

by Millicent Brower

The living room is gay, colorful. The furniture is bright with the floral luxuriance of Guatemalan, Mexican, Pennsylvania Dutch designs. It is the home of Stella Holt, administrative coordinator of the Greenwich Mews Theatre, on West 13th Street. Stella Holt has been blind since she was 13.

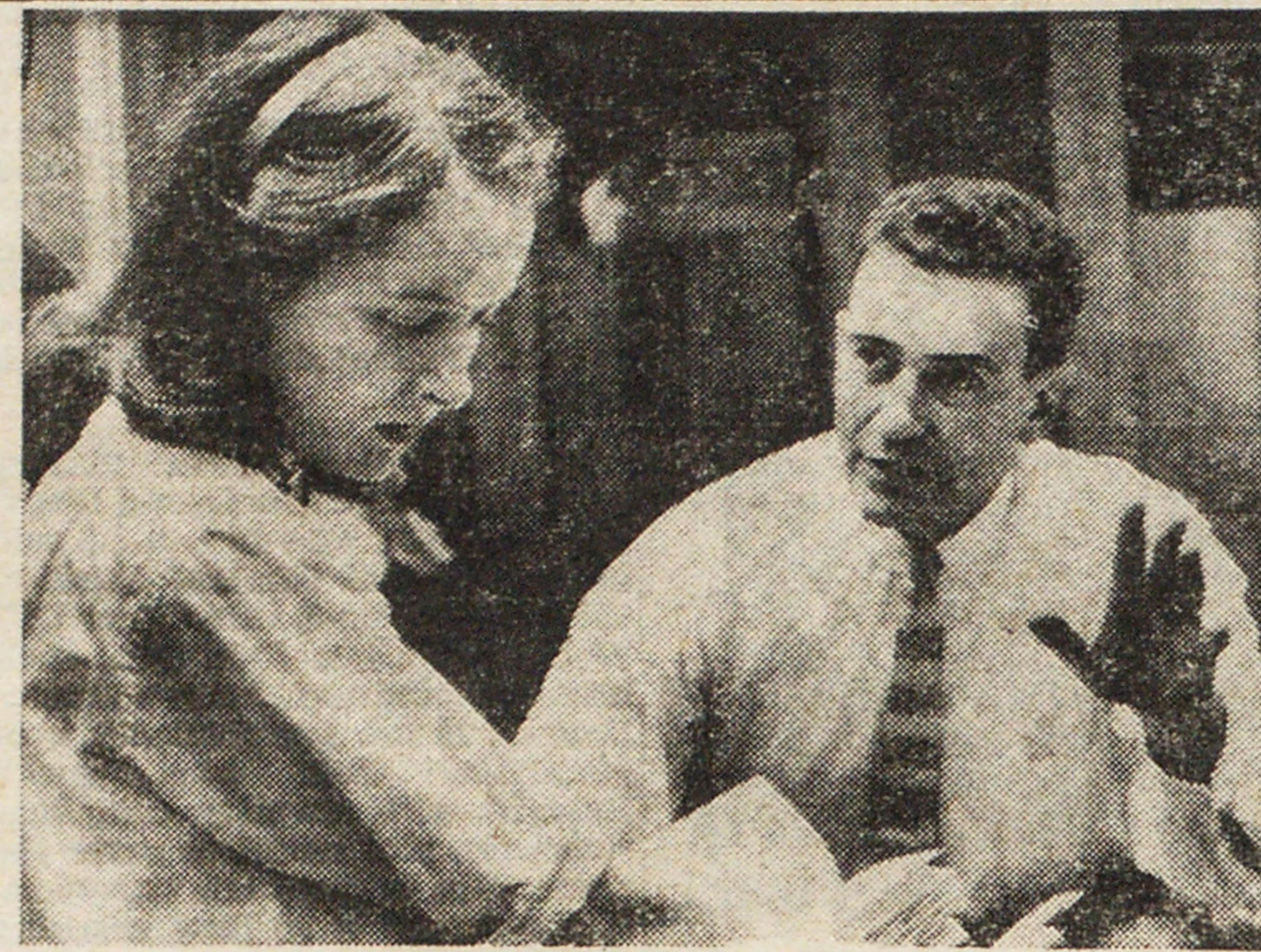
In this home, where she conducts most of her work, one senses the unending activity, the vividness of Stella Holt. Visitors, on

business dates, call constantly. Alice Childress, author of the successful "Trouble in Mind," current play at the Mews, drops in to discuss her show, or the progress of the new Off-Broadway Association, of which Miss Holt is an officer. Willow Jacqueline Barnes, an actress who shares the apartment with Miss Holt, sits at a desk writing and taking phone calls.

Stella Holt, now 41, began her career after graduating from Cornell University and taking advanced courses in social work at New York University. A brief fling at social work left her dissatisfied. She found that there was too much to do, too little time to do it. Her charges could not be helped in the way she would have liked. She was needed elsewhere.

It was before the war, a time of trouble. Race riots were spreading in Philadelphia and Detroit. Stella Holt was working in New York for the Executive Citizens Committee of the Upper West Side. Tension in that area among youngsters of various backgrounds was becoming dangerous.

"You cannot tell people to love each other. That is my personal belief. I believe that common en-



A rehearsal shot, taken in a West 13th Street apartment, from the upcoming Theatre East production of Saroyan's "The Beautiful People." Seen here are **MATILDA HILLS** and **RICHARD KRONOLD**. Theatre East is a new venture going into a brand new building in the East 60's, with one of its co-founders being Villager Betty King.

joyment can lead to common understanding; that people who laugh and enjoy themselves together will get along well." Miss Holt spoke in a voice that was level, straightforward.

Her theory and idea led to the organization of a street festival for all groups, races, and religions on the last "white" block of the Upper West Side. "My idea was jeered at, mocked. People told us threateningly that there would be serious trouble. But on the contrary, over 1000 people, Negroes, whites, all religions, showed up and enjoyed themselves thoroughly, listening to the singing and entertaining of Hazel Scott, Josh White, Joe Louis, and many others." The

festival was so successful that many similar ones were held afterward in New York, and all over the United States.

"We never preached at any of our festivals," Miss Holt said. "At one of them we had Benny Goodman's band, Mrs. Roosevelt, and Olsen and Johnson and a bear. Olsen and Johnson asked the bear to shake hands with Mrs. Roosevelt. They say she looked a little startled as the animal lumbered toward her, but the bear simply went over and shook hands politely. The children loved it. Mrs. Roosevelt lauded our shows in her column, 'My Day,' and recommended that similar festivals be given elsewhere."

Help For Puerto Ricans

Miss Holt, in a chic conservative blue suit, her brown hair short and attractively coifed, lit a cigarette. She paused, took a drag. "Something like that ought to be done with the Puerto Ricans. We should understand that these people are transplanted. They get low pay and pay high rents, and maybe they don't look as happy as we think they ought to. Well, why should they? What have they got to be happy about?"

AFTER the war, still not fulfilled, Stella Holt found other fields of work. She ran art exhibits for the Metropolitan Music School. "I got to know artists, and to love them."

From art, it was a short jump to theatre, and Stella Holt joined the Greenwich Mews theatre. Casting at Greenwich Mews is conducted on an interracial basis. Fitness for the role is the only

criterion. For the first few minutes, Miss Holt says, some members of the audience are bewildered and shocked at seeing a Negro playing a traditionally "white" part. But viewers soon find the acting consummate and absorbing and forget that anything unusual is occurring.

At the Mews Miss Holt's main task is organizing theatre parties, much in the manner that it is done on Broadway. Organizations such as the Elizabeth Irwin High School, B'nai B'rith, the American Jewish Congress, the Harlem Writers' Guild, and over 200 others subscribe to a season of plays. The Mews charges these groups 85 cents a ticket; the tickets are then sold to group members at a higher price, thus enabling them to raise funds.

Off-Broadway Group

Still branching out in her endeavors, Miss Holt is now enmeshed in projects for the new Off-Broadway Association. A ticket office for all Off-Broadway plays has been established at Leblang's ticket agency on Times Square. An "ABC" listing of Off-Broadway plays in metropolitan newspaper advertisements — listings similar to those taken by uptown productions—is currently being promoted and may soon be realized.

Not resting here, Miss Holt is churning up other projects. Her next: to educate movie-goers to attend Off-Broadway plays. The prices are not as prohibitive as Broadway, and on this basis Miss Holt feels that movie-goers will attend if they can only be made to understand that they are not going slumming.

Stella Holt smoked still another cigarette. "I smoke all the time when I'm working," she said, smiling. "So that's a lot of cigarettes."

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bet. 3rd & 4th Sts. GR 7-9359

**THEATRE:
GALIC TRIPLE-HEADER**

An evening of one-act plays by Jules Renard, Georges Courteline, and Jean Giradoux, presented by the French Art Theatre at the Carl Fischer Concert Hall.

by Evelyn Konrad

Until now, only the rare and exceptional play has withstood transplantation from Europe to Broadway. Within its own limitations, the French Art Theatre attempts to develop a French-language theatre-group off Broadway. Its current presentation of three one-actors falls short of the aim, but is nonetheless noteworthy. The weakness of the

group's effort of the moment lies mainly in its choice of plays.

Jules Renard's "Le Pain de Ménage" is a mannered, stilted little play, about as reminiscent of Gallic charm as Queen Victoria. A happily married man ("We're happy with a bliss to which we must become resigned") feels attracted to an equally middle-class married woman, and spends the entirety of the sketch dabbling with her in banal dialogue. She sends him back to his all-too-understanding, submissive wife, and herself returns to a husband whose major faults seem to be a tendency to snore and to overlook her new hats. But who really cares?

A Brave Battle

As Marthe and Pierre, Eve Daniel and James Lewis battle bravely and sometimes competently through this "Brief Encounter"-type situation, but never rise above the dull and dated problem that's the core of the play. Turn-of-the-century costumes tend to increase the gulf between the mores discussed and contemporary problems. Instead of bubbling like Cliquot, the story dribbles like beer on tap.

An even slighter effort is Georges Courteline's "Gros Chagrin," a brief, satiric interchange between two feather-headed dames, chattering intermittently about the unfaithfulness of Gabrielle's husband and the maid-problems of Caroline. As Gabrielle, Ethelina Donald gives a lively but excessively broad interpretation. Elaine Pinheiro's Caroline shows more subtleties. On the whole, "Gros Chagrin" is more Parisian than the first play, but equally dissatisfying.

Sparks of Entertainment

Potentially, Jean Giradoux's "L'Apollon de Bellac" contains sparks of good entertainment. A mildly amusing satire about the vanity of men, the play requires a sophisticated interpretation. It

is the story of a shy young girl who is initiated by a roué into the somewhat cynical secret of holding a man (by flattery, of course). Pauline Frassati plays a refreshing young Agnes. Herbert Rolland, the reprobate Monsieur de Bellac, needs to overcome over-acting when first he dominates the scene. As the play progresses he eases into a more intimate style of interpretation.

The Bench, the Fix

As to the second half of the bill, the less said the better. "John Mason" is based on the thought that the race is not always to the swift; or to put it specifically, any egghead cub reported who falls into the right spot at the right time is bound to win a Pulitzer Prize. At the end of it all, our hero merely learns that The Bench is not mightier than The Fix, and whatever purchase, comedic or otherwise, Mr. Yablonovitz may have initially had, has long since vanished.

**Night Intruder
Breaks In, Dies
In Window Leap**

Awakened at 1:45 yesterday morning, Mrs. Shirley Tucker, of 31 West 12th Street, heard a knocking on the door and a man shouting: "Let me in, this is a policeman. I want to see your papers."

Suspicious, she called police, but before they arrived, the man, tentatively identified as David B. Koss, 36, of Sunnyside, Long Island, broke through the door panel and opened the door.

Entering the apartment, he kept assuring its frightened tenant that everything was all right but that he had to see Mrs. Tucker's papers. Then, while the horrified Mrs. Tucker watched, the intruder opened windows in all the rooms, and jumped or fell from a window in the play room, dropping five stories to the courtyard.

On the arrival detective John Delaney, the man was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital. He was dead on arrival.

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**RAYMOND ROCKLIN**

At the Tanager Gallery, through
March 8.

Seriousness and skill are amply demonstrated in Mr. Rocklin's working of various materials in his distinctively personal style. Were the examples part of a scientific exhibit, their use of forms resembling fungus-growths, bird and animal skeletons, stalactites, would be in a context more rewarding than the state of fine art.

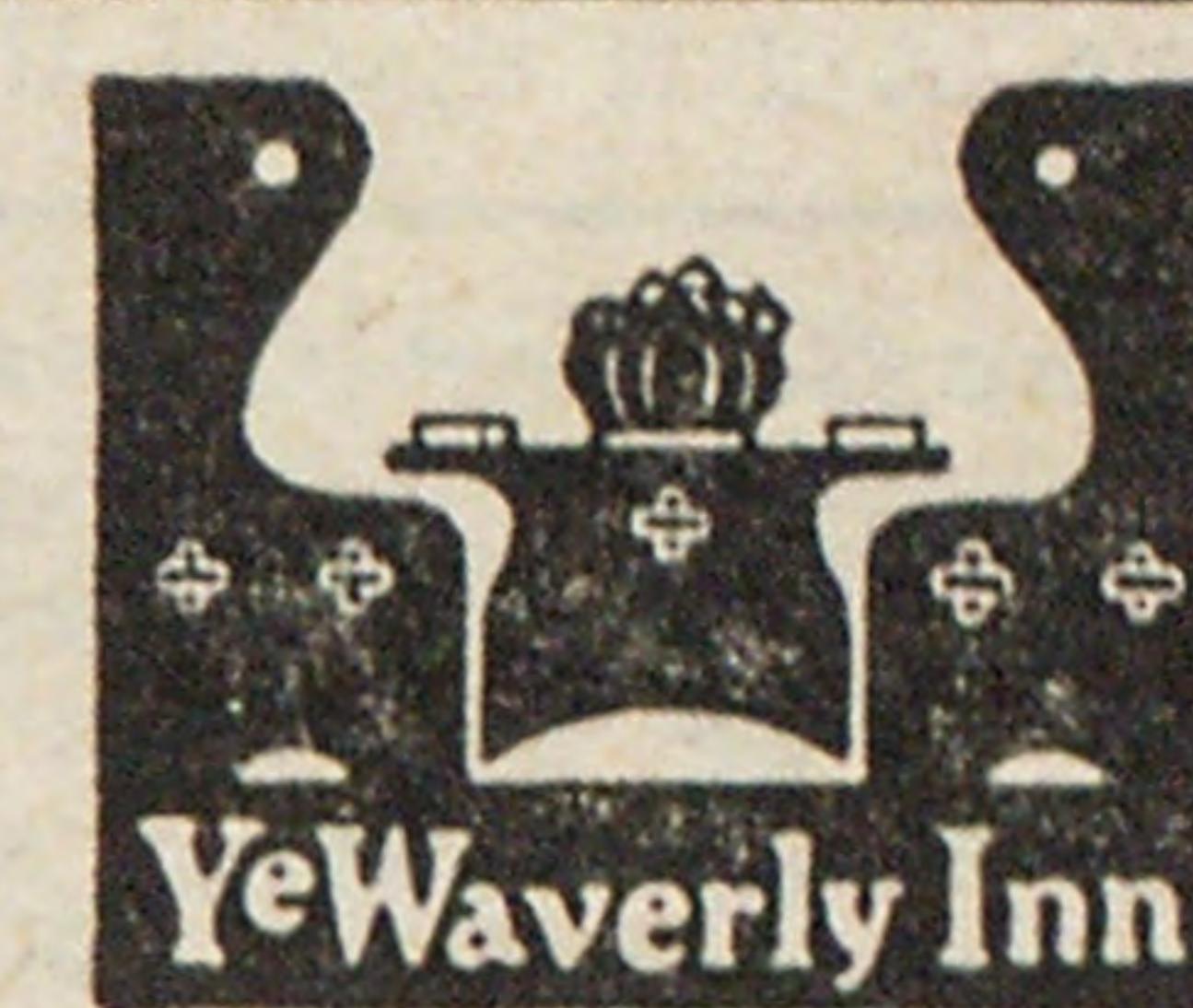
Facsimiles of Nature

With the exception of a wall plaque called "Family Tree," the insistent employment of the aforementioned shapes renders these pieces as "facsimiles" of manifestations of nature, insufficiently quickened with human comment or connotation. The exception cited has a measure of purely aesthetic formality, the reserve of which suggests that discipline applied to the overwrought complexity of Rocklin's forte would do him greater justice.

H. R.

Booked For March

A nightly one-hour variety show with name stars will be a feature of the 10-day Exposition of Progress at the Wanamaker Building next month. Opening on March 25, the exposition will demonstrate the progress and achievements of the American Negro, in addition to displaying products aimed specifically at the Negro market.



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by dhs

FREE FEAST

P. Gordon Saville, Lucullan director of the International Food Show running through this Saturday, has assembled an interesting buffet in the cavernous Wanamaker Building.

For a \$1 admission price you can get, if not precisely a dinner, an assortment of tasty free morsels ranging from, as we gourmets put it, soup to nuts. The soup is MBT beef broth at the Romanoff

Caviar Company's booth; the nuts, well, several stands had nuts of various kinds.

Fried Chicken

When you first arrive and join the thousands of chomping jaws on the premises, you might be well advised to head for the Delmarva Poultry people's booth, where delicious samples are distributed to a line of slavering fried-chicken fanciers every half-hour.

Another stand getting a big play by the herd is that of the Silver

A Puzzle for Gourmets:

If you can name the city shown in the photograph on page 1, we will send you a cook book containing some 50 favorite recipes of the people who use the ferries. We have only 100 such cook books and therefore suggest that you send your answer right off to The Village Voice (Dept. E), 22 Greenwich Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

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• RULES •

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- Pies must be at least six inches in diameter.
- Judging will be based primarily on originality and uniqueness of the pie, but every pie must be edible.
- Contestants must be prepared to supply judges with a recipe for the pie, but such recipes, if supplied, will be for the information of the judges only.
- The decision of the judges as to winners will be final. All entries become the property of Food Shows, Inc., and none will be returned, although, the pie plates or containers in which the pie is of-
- fered may be picked up by the contestants within 30 days of the close of the contest.
- Any person is eligible to participate, except employees of Food Shows, Inc., The Village Voice, Inc., and their immediate families.
- Each entry must be accompanied by a coupon, obtained only from a copy of The Village Voice, filled out completely, and signed by the contestant. Contestants agree to be bound by these rules, and that in the case of dispute or disagreement, the decisions of the judges will be final as to the rules and the meanings of the rules as applied to them.
- Prizes will be announced in The Village Voice. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

ENTRANCE COUPON:

UNUSUAL PIE CONTEST

International Food Show

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

AGE

(If under 21, parents consent is required)

1.

2.



I have read the rules of this unusual pie contest and agree to be bound and abide by them.

DATE SIGNATURE



THE THORNTONS

(Continued from page 9)

her introspective Phyllis Thornton — a girl heretofore eclipsed by her vivacious aunt — a wholly revealing characterization. Barry Boucher's set was ingenius; he gave us the illusion, no mean feat on the cramped Provincetown stage, of a spacious Italian-marbled mansion in the high-high-rent part of Fifth Avenue.

The high point of "The Thorntons" (I saw the play on Thursday night) was not in the script. It occurred in a scene between Miss Warrick and Mr. Tregoe. They were in the midst of a fight, a la Coward, when he refused further to lend her his body unless she would leave her husband and marry him. Meanwhile the WQXR-like music from the simulated radio on the wall continued to underscore the dialogue. Tregoe walked toward the radio to turn off the music. The moment was tense. He had almost but not quite finished his lines when the music (off-stage) was turned off. Then he reached for the dial. The audience snickered and Miss Warrick, limp on a chaise-longue, began to break up with laughter. Finally, at the end of her spasm, Miss Warrick said quite professionally: "Darling, you're a genius." The audience broke into sustained applause for her.

—Alan Bodian

CHAIM KOPPELMAN

At the Terrain Gallery, through February 29.

The exhibit of Chaim Koppelman, artist and teacher, is a retrospective of work done during the last 15 years. Mr. Koppelman, working extensively in recent years in the medium of etching, has attained considerable mastery of the technique. In 1955, he won the Markel Prize of the Society of American Graphic Artists. He has worked and studied both here and abroad.

If one word can characterize this exhibit, it is "metaphysics," for the work has that solemn, concretely real, yet spiritual quality that is found so often in the early De Chirico. It is unusual today.

Search For Meaning

Mr. Koppelman's art is highly personal and achieves its highest peak in the more realistic or "readable" aspects of his allegorical subject matter. He comments upon life, and perhaps the essence of his work can best be grasped if the spectator allows himself to become involved with the artist's vision. It is a world of contrasts and of mystery. The artist is searching for meaning. His equipment, the tools of his trade, include a deep and perceptive knowledge of human and animal anatomy.

This exhibit is the work of a mature artist. —Robert Stone

QUICKLY

(Continued from page 5)

portion or value of all objects and people in the world outside us. Hence, "time"—as we feel it—is a dependent function of our assessment of value.

The more body energy unused, available (that is, not blocked), and sensate, the slower is the inner impression of the passage of time, provided the ego is in a state of relaxation.

The introduction of the mirror into the life of mankind was one of the indispensable elements in the birth of civilization. The mirror intensifies the sense of self, it fortifies narcissism, and narcissism is the indispensable ingredient for a powerful ego. But the development of the ego of man is parallel to the development of the individual "will." And the civilized society is a result of the collaborations and antagonisms of each individual "Faustian" will. Be it said, however, that even primitive man had his "mirror"—the eyes of the people around him.

Next week: The best column written so far in this space.

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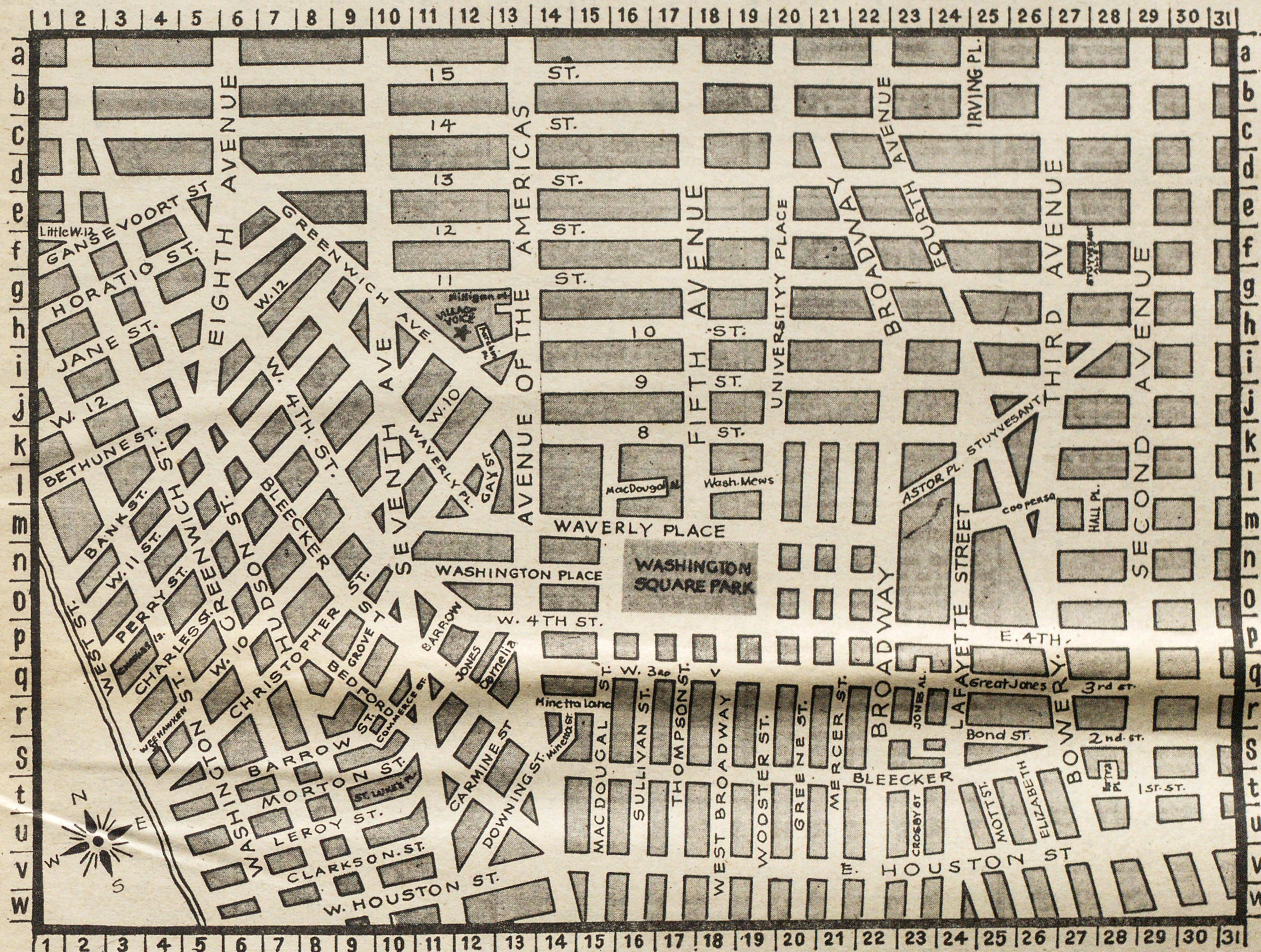
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village VOICE Gourmet's Map of GREENWICH VILLAGE

International Food Center of America



Restaurants and Food Shops

American

Baraldi's
49 W. 16th St. (A-16)

Bird Cage
116 Christopher St. (P-8)

Blue Mill
50 Commerce St. (S-10)

Cherry Lane
40 Commerce St. (S-10)

Dickens Room
20 East 9th St. (J-19)

Fifth Ave. Cafe
Bway and 8th St. (K-22)

Hotel Brittany
55 East 10th St. (H-22)

Last Chance Caffe
20 Cornelia St. (P-12)

The Old Place
139 West 10th St. (J-11)

Old Goldenrod
85 Washington Pl. (N-14)

Peter's Backyard
64 West 10th St. (J-14)

17 Barrow
17 Barrow St. (P-11)

Village Restaurant
575 Hudson St. (K-5)

Waverly Inn
16 Bank St. (H-8)

Armenian

The Sheik
455 2nd Ave.

Chinese

Jade Mountain
197 Second Ave. (E-28)

Young China
8th St. East of 6th Ave. (J-15)

Delicatessen - Restaurants

Si Bon
65 East 8th St. (K-21)

French

The Albert
65 University Place (G-20)

German

Swiss Oaks
105 Greenwich Ave. (F-7)

Italian

Angelina's
41 Greenwich Ave. (I-10)

Cafe Orchidia
145 2nd Ave. (I-29)

Carmine's
75 Greenwich Ave. (G-9)

Enrico and Paglieri
64 West 11th St. (G-14)

Gondolier
68 Fifth Ave. (E-17)

John's
302 East 12th St. (F-29)

Pony Stable
150 West 4th (O-12)

Rocco's
181 Thompson St. (U-17)

International

Chumley's
86 Bedford St. (R-10)

Five Oaks
49 Grove St. (O-9)

Potpourri
104 Washington Pl. (O-13)

Jewish

Ratner's
711 Second Ave. (at 7th Street) (M-29)

Mexican

El Charro
4 Charles St. (I-11)

Rumanian

Moscowitz and Lupowitz
2nd St. and 2nd Ave. (S-29)

Spanish

Los Granados
125 MacDougal St. (P-15)

Coffee Houses

Cafe Figaro
195 Bleecker St. (S-15)

David's
99 MacDougal St. (S-15)

Limelight
91 Seventh Ave. S. (O-11)

Food Shops

Caviareria
38 West 8th St. (K-15)
2 East 45th St.
152 West 57th St.

Co-op Food Store
393 6th Ave. (I-13)

Simples
68 Greenwich Ave. (G-10)
401 Sixth Ave. (K-13)
95 7th Ave. (O-11)
500 East 14th St.

Sloan Tamkin
121 Bank Street (L-4)

Miscellaneous

Holra Frozen Hors-d'Oeuvres
(at select local food stores)

International Food Show
8th St. and Broadway (J-23)

Night Clubs

Champagne Gallery
135 MacDougal St. (P-15)

Club Capri
61 2nd Ave. (Q-28)

Club Savannah
68 West 3rd St. (Q-20)

Van Rensselaer
15 East 11th St. (G-18)

Ed. Winston's
21 East 8th St. (J-19)

Pedestrians: Their Fate A Tunnel?

Continued from page 1

as in most American cities, it is too late for the pedestrian's cause, already lost," he added. "The primary pleasures of pedestrianism are the simple matter of getting from here to there. There are few such pleasures left.

A Red Lantern

"The sad and simple fact is that the pedestrian will have to be tolerated, provided for, disciplined, and marshalled. He will not be pampered. Eventually the city fathers will build tile-lined tunnels for him under the boulevards, so that the superior being behind the wheel of his two-toned rolling palace will not be bothered by his inferiors.

"The pedestrian will be required to carry a red lantern on rainy nights, or wear a cap fitted with blinkers, and of course he will be licensed. If he is so indiscreet as to venture out after he has had two martinis, he will have his license revoked for drunken walking and be sent to bed without his supper. But there is no risk that the pedestrian will be forgotten. One does not forget the plague after all. One does not forget the enemy after all. One does not forget the enemy within the tollgates."

Lynes, author of "The Tastemakers," owns a car, but rarely ventures into the city with it. Eight months a year he commutes between Manhattan and his summer home in Massachusetts. During the winter, though, he leaves the car in dead storage and relies on that bane of pedestrianism, the taxicab.

Phone in Your Classifieds

Watkins 4-4669

1 line: 46c
4 time insertion: 44c a line
13 time insertion: 43c a line
26 time insertion: 42c a line
52 time insertion: 41c a line

(Four-line minimum)

Classified ads will be accepted until 11 a.m. Tuesday morning. Special listing in the service directory is available at \$.50 a line for 2 lines only (consisting of name of business, address and phone number), on a yearly basis only.



Classified begins on lower part of page 1.

APARTMENTS FURNISHED

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RES. NOW BEING TAKEN FOR APRIL
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FURNISHED APT. WANTED

TWO BUSINESS GIRLS seek 2-room, furnished apt. (kitchen and bath). Village area. \$70 - \$100 per month. Call AL 4-5419.

Something Broken?

Almost anything that can be broken can also be repaired. That is the theme of an exhibition of rehabilitated articles which opened Monday at the West Side Savings Bank, 422 Sixth Avenue.

The articles—clothes, furniture, toys, musical instruments, and appliances—have been reconditioned by Goodwill Industries, a New York workshop staffed by disabled men and women. Colorful, heavy-duty bags for people who want to donate repairable items can be obtained at the bank's exhibit during the next two weeks.

YOUR HORROR SCOPE

by ORB GROTTO

FEBRUARY 22-28

Frankly, they are shaking up on Mount Palomar. Our secret observer reports upheaval between Centaurus and the Sch-wassmann-Wachmann comet. Last time this happened Liberator was born. If your name is Irving get out of town. Algol, a variable star, is behaving strangely. Astronomers report lewd gestures in the sky above Ashtabula. Geminis, ride high! Paroxysms of joy to you! Virgos, lay low. Nancy Berg, avoid sheep. Taurus delicatessen owners, cut down your salamis. Free all parakeets. Uranus is jumpy. Capricorns, dog days loom. Subscribe Village Voice. Reading must: Fortune Cookies vs. Jung, Voyeurs Digest. Tell friends. Remember, you saw it here!

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LUCKY FLOWER: Creeping Henry (Henrius Smirchurio)



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